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FOR METHODIST FAMILIES / NOVEMBER 1966

In this issue:

The Sacrament of Sex
Man's Search for Meaning
Pacifism: A New Look

It's not a church, but a secluded retreat center for quiet talk, study, and reflection. For the story, turn the page.

Steaming coffee seems to quicken thought after a discussion inside the glass-walled center, which is lighted on two sides from outdoors. The hazy day on which the photographs were made silhouetted two participants intent in talk.

Fires are burning for renewal through small groups in conversation at Koinonia Retreat Center. Minister of Christian Nurture Elvin L. Miller leads a group of church members and others in talk about "finding ourselves in faith and work."

A Place for Serious Talk

Through varied programs at their Koinonia Camp and Retreat Center, members of Hennepin Avenue Methodist Church of Minneapolis are innovators in searching out new dimensions for living. The center is on Lake Sylvia, 55 miles from the city.

Conferees find the 45 acres around Koinonia good for walking, talking, listening, watching seasons change.

A NEW RETREAT center, opened last year, is one Methodist congregation's answer to the need for a meeting place away from the distractions of everyday living.

Located near Annandale, north of Minnesota's Twin Cities, Koinonia Camp and Retreat Center, built by Hennepin Avenue Church of Minneapolis, offers indoor comfort and outdoor charm in an all-year ministry to many small groups. Director and co-ordinator of the multifaceted program is the church's minister of Christian nurture.

Five different types of weekend were offered last winter for church members and, in some cases, other persons.

In *Spiritual-Life Retreats,* group members searched for new understanding and deeper Christian commitment. *Guest-Led Weekends* brought such nationally known figures as the Rev. Samuel Emerick, of the Yokefellow Institute in Richmond, Ind., and William Stringfellow, the young lawyer who once worked in East Harlem Protestant Parish. *Lay-Ministry Conferences* focused on religious beliefs involved in being a Christian in the everyday world. *Special-Purpose Weekends* dealt with such problems as doubts concerning religious faith and its relevance to life. *Groups and Organizations* of the church scheduled weekends for family retreats, annual events, study sessions.

Summers are busy, too, with week-long youth camps, each limited to 48 persons. Full facilities of the center were available, including lake and waterfront activities, chapel, library-lounge, two dining rooms, recreation hall, two dormitory cabins, and beach house. The retreat house, with living accommodations for 22 in winter, was turned into an infirmary for the summer.

As a skeptical outsider, you could argue that guests go to Koinonia just to get away from hubbub of the city. But you would have to argue this with people of Hennepin Avenue Church, who go there to search for Christian depth and growth—and find them.

—NEWMAN CRYER

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—**John Wesley (1703-1791)**

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For Methodist Families / November 1966

After-Hour Jottings . The most remarkable picture ever taken (we are thinking) turned up on the front pages of our newspapers a few weeks ago—but it wasn't a very good picture. Most of us, had we not been told, would have had to guess just what was being pictured. Could it be a rather small, fuzzy ball of cotton sliced in half and laid on black velvet?

Nope, this was us, ladies and gentlemen—all of us. There we were, as one writer put it, small under heaven and far from home. There we were, nearly 3 billions of us who search for meaning, reduced to infinitesimal dimension by a picture televised from an American satellite circling the moon.

It would have suited our exalted pride better, perhaps, if we had looked more like the classroom globe of earth with North and South America facing the camera without that cloud cover giving a fuzzy look to our planet. We should have

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JOTTINGS/ (Continued from page 3)

looked bigger, hanging out there in space, but we didn't, and that's that.

Anyway, maybe it is good for our giant-size vanity, for our inclination to think that the universe centers in our own front yard, to meditate on the size of earth as seen from our nearest neighbor in space. This is a good thing to keep in mind as we take a look at this month's thought-provoking color section, *The Search for Meaning*.

In relatively few words and pictures, we think, this offering says much about our search for value and purpose in the midst of radical changes that sweep the world today. Because it is a different sort of feature, we are curious to know what you think of it, and whether it helps you focus your thinking on the question: *What is the meaning of life?*

Meanwhile, we'd like to call your attention to other features in this issue that also go out seeking answers to the perplexing questions of our time. None of these questions is necessarily peculiar to the 1960s, but somehow modern living and social changes have compounded them, bringing each closer to home. What about the new "freedom" in sexual relations, the question of pacifism in a national emergency, the need to give underprivileged children a head start (or at least an equal start) toward obtaining an education—and what is the meaning behind the shocking realism and unprecedented vulgarity in a motion picture that may very well win awards as the best of the year?

William Luther White, author of *The Sacrament of Sex* [page 20], insisted that we use his full name in connection with his article—but that has nothing to do with the article itself.

Mr. White

"There are simply too many Bill Whites around," he says.

Yes, we counted 16 William Whites in *Who's Who*, along with another William L. White, who is the son of the late and noted newspaper editor William Allen White of Emporia, Kans.

And, as many of you know, TOGETHER has its own W. L. White. The "W" stands for Willmon, however, not William, so we don't call him "Bill."

We call him "Will."

The Rev. Darrel E. Berg, who stands in this month's *Open Pulpit* [page 57], is pastor of Trinity Methodist Church, Lincoln, Nebr., and is the author of *A Piece of Blue Sky*, published by Zondervan in 1965. In this, his first book, Mr. Berg compares the problems of Abraham with ours today, stressing the biblical patriarch's faults and failings as well as his strengths and his triumphs.

When he isn't writing, Mr. Berg finds his interest in athletics hard to control. For one thing, Lincoln is the home of the University of Nebraska's mighty Cornhuskers football team.

"Because of this, I have had many athletes involved in the churches I have served," he explains. "We have usually won or placed high in basketball and softball church leagues."

Among our contributors: We have known for a long time that a minister's wife is usually about the busiest woman in any neighborhood, but Mrs. **Martha Hickman**, the mother of four, is the "outdoingest" one we've heard about lately. She lists her hobbies as writing, sewing, sketching, painting, and reading—then goes ahead to list numerous church, community, and social activities. She has published numerous articles, mainly in church magazines, and earlier this year we published her article *Why Do They Write Like That?*

Mrs. Hickman

As the wife of the Rev. Hoyt L. Hickman, pastor of Cascade Methodist Church, Erie, Pa., she says she is determined to "be myself." While she doesn't go into details, she tells us that "I have a stereotype-shattering chicken act which I perform at appropriate occasions," and adds that "I have a terrible time adjusting to moving, and I always end up loving the new place as much as the old one."

Mrs. Hickman's article, *You Don't Get Beat for Too Much Sugar* [page 43], is about teaching the underprivileged children in her community, another activity she recently added to her list!

Like Mrs. Hickman, many of our contributors are housewives and mothers, if not minister's wives, and they find their creative outlets in writing.

Mrs. **Emily Stobbe** [see *My Kitchen Runneth Over*, page 30], also enjoys sailing, skiing, camping, and natural history.

"At the moment," she told us, "I have about 85 monarch caterpillars gorging themselves on milkweed in shoe boxes in our house . . . When the orange and black butterfly steps out of its chrysalis, I'll tag it before giving it freedom. This is how I'm helping a University of Toronto migration study." —*Your Editors*

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The Church in Action

Methodist-EUB Union: Will It Be YES or NO?

IF YOU ARE expecting a firm answer to the question above, read no further. No one knows for sure whether the proposed union of The Methodist and the Evangelical United Brethren Churches will be approved or defeated at the simultaneous meetings of the two churches' General Conferences this month in Chicago. Like voters everywhere, delegates to the two conferences reserve the right to be unpredictable, to wait until all the debates are finished, and to change their minds just before balloting.

The proposed Plan of Union, a 361-page document drafted by 37 members of a Methodist-EUB joint commission, has been in the hands of General Conference delegates since late last spring. In both churches it has been praised and—perhaps more audibly—attacked for some of its provisions. Even enthusiastic supporters of union have found points they do not like. If the plan does come through the two General Conferences with an "approved" stamp on it, no doubt it will include amendments.

Adoption of the plan by the General Conferences in Chicago, of course, would be only the first step toward union. It must be approved also by sizable majorities of Methodist and EUB annual conference members when they meet next year, and it would face one last hurdle in 1968 in Dallas, Texas. There the two General Conferences would first hold another pair of separate but simultaneous sessions to put finishing touches on its largest and most detailed section. Then they would join in a Uniting Conference for The United Methodist Church.

The Machinery: Methodism's 858 General Conference delegates will open their 1966 sessions in the International Ballroom of Chicago's huge Conrad Hilton Hotel, starting at 8:30 a.m. Tuesday, November 8. Nearby in the hotel's Grand Ballroom, the 414 EUB delegates will convene their first session at 10 a.m. the same day. Throughout that week both groups of delegates will rub shoulders in hotel corridors, but there will be no joint meetings.

The EUBs will be in regular quadrennial session and will be in Chicago 10 days to handle usual matters of denominational business as well as to ponder the union question. For the Methodists, however, it will be an adjourned session of their 1964 conference, and they are scheduled to meet only four days. Only two main items are expected on the agenda: the Plan of Union and a report on Methodism's progress toward elimination of its racially segregated Central Jurisdiction.

Following a mid-summer meeting, the Commission on Interjurisdictional Relations announced that in addition to *reporting* on progress toward eliminating the all-Negro jurisdiction, it also will propose the setting of a 1972 goal for regional desegregation. This would be in the form of requests to the church's 1968 jurisdictional conferences that they merge all remaining Negro annual conferences and draw annual conference boundaries on a strictly geographical basis without regard to race. The commission is not now asking for legislation to make the 1972 target date mandatory. The group said it would withhold presentation of any such legislation until the 1968 General Conference in Dallas.

The conference is expected to hear the commission's report early on the opening day and then move on to the Plan of Union. With only four days to complete their work, the delegates will have to put in long days—and nights—in committee and plenary sessions.

To facilitate communication between the two General Conferences, a joint committee will be nominated to function in the manner of a House-Senate conference committee in the United States Congress. Any amendments to the Plan of Union which are offered by either conference will be studied by this joint committee, harmonized if possible, then referred back to both conferences.

Final votes will be taken only on Part I of the Plan of Union (the Constitution) and on enabling legislation by which the plan can be enacted. But the conferences also will be asked to adopt "in principle" the lengthy Organization and Administration document (Part IV) which would constitute the bulk of a new *Discipline* for the united church.

(In the 1967 annual conference meetings, only the Constitution and enabling legislation would be voted on, but members would have Part IV for study. It will remain subject to amendment in 1968.)

In both Chicago meetings, the crucial votes probably will come on Friday, November 11. It is

expected that some means of simultaneous balloting or simultaneous announcement of voting results will be arranged so that results of one group's voting will not influence the other's decision.

How Will It Go? On the EUB side, church leaders agree that the voting results are far from predictable and that the margin of difference between a "yes" and a "no" outcome is sure to be narrow indeed—perhaps as few as 4 to 10 votes.

With a maximum of 414 votes to be counted, and with a three-fourths majority required for passage, the Plan of Union can survive no more than 103 negative votes. EUB annual conferences in which opposition is strong—notably those of the Pacific Northwest, Far West, and Appalachia—may send as many as 75 "no" voters. Only 29 other negative ballots would mean an EUB defeat of the plan.

Dr. Paul Washburn, executive director of the EUB union commission, remains optimistic. "We still have some places where there is hostility toward, or fear of, The Methodist Church," he admits, "but in the vast majority of our annual conferences, I sense a maturity of interest in the plan and in the attitude toward it."

Chief among the EUBs' "fears" is the feeling that they, outnumbered about 14 to 1 by the Methodists, would be swallowed up in the united church. Many also object to the fact that the Plan of Union discards some key practices of EUB government in favor of Methodist systems. In the areas of strong opposition, many EUBs "fear" also that The Methodist Church has lost evangelistic zeal and is tainted with "modernism."

The Methodist Mood: In the Methodist General Conference, the Plan of Union needs a two-thirds affirmative vote for passage, a favorable factor compared with the three-fourths majority required of the EUBs. Still, it is far from certain that the required majority will be met.

A number of northeastern and midwestern Methodist annual conferences and/or their delegations have put themselves on record favoring the union in principle, if not by this particular plan. But an even larger number have given no formal indication of how they stand. Most of these "unknowns" are in the several large areas of Methodism where the EUB Church has few or no members—the Southeast, Southwest, and Far West. Delegates from some of these annual conferences may be lukewarm at best since they have few EUBs to unite with on local levels.

Charles C. Parlin, executive secretary of the Methodist negotiating

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committee, said that in visits to Methodist annual conferences he has detected "a definite swing to the pro side," and he took note of recent statements by Dr. Albert C. Outler, prominent theologian at Southern Methodist University's Perkins School of Theology, which Mr. Parlin saw as a favorable influence on other leaders.

Dr. Outler has said that although the Plan of Union needs amendment, it should be adopted. He called Methodist-EUB union "a decisive forward step—even if only a mincing one" for Methodist involvement in the ecumenical movement.

Methodist Issues: In the Methodist General Conference at Chicago, key debates may be expected on several issues. Among them may be:

1. *Race.* As it has at all recent General Conference meetings, the issue of how the church should be structured to eliminate racial segregation will loom up in discussions of many related matters. A number of petitions concerning race are sure to be presented —along with the major report of the Commission on Interjurisdictional Relations. In its handling of this report, probably prior to the debate on Methodist-EUB union, the conference may determine the mood in which all race-related questions will be dealt with.

2. *The name.* The Plan of Union proposes that the name of the new united denomination be "The United Methodist Church." This has drawn fire from some who see it as an affront to other Methodist churches which will not be "united" in it. Some Methodists believe the General Conference settled the question in 1964 when it voted to retain the title, "The Methodist Church." Methodist-EUB negotiators explain their continued preference for a new name on the grounds that some change is needed to recognize the presence of 750,000 EUBs in the new church.

3. *Doctrinal and social statements.* As now written, the Plan of Union includes both Methodism's *Articles of Religion* and the EUB *Confession of Faith* without change in either. It asks that both be adopted as statements of United Methodist doctrine. The same practice is followed regarding statements of social principles. Writers of the plan contend that there will be time enough, after union has been effected, for a new statement of faith and a new social creed to be written by a committee representing both branches of the new church. Critics complain, however, that the new church should have a new statement of its beliefs, or at least a preamble should be written to clarify the historic significance of the present statements.

4. *Ministerial orders.* As written, the Plan of Union provides for one order of the ministry (which EUBs now have) instead of two (the Methodist system). Alternative legislation, retaining the two-order ministry, is offered in an appendix. The conferences must decide which to adopt.

5. *Commitment to Ecumenicity.* Although it has no direct relationship to the Plan of Union, the Consultation on Church Union must be considered a backdrop to the Methodist-EUB negotiations. Both of these churches are among nine denominations which are now partners in COCU, and some Methodist and EUB ecumenists fear that the two-way union may deflect attention from the proposed nine-way merger. They want assurance that the new church will retain its commitment to the broad ecumenical movement.

Other matters which may arouse debate on the General Conference floor concern ministerial standards, salaries, and pension problems, election vs. appointment of district superintendents, and the rule which would allow EUB annual conferences to maintain their identities for 12 years.

Conclusion: What will happen in Chicago? Again, no one knows. But this much can be said: Too much has been done in the past few years to be quickly undone. Too many Methodist and EUB congregations have gotten to know each other and to appreciate the common Wesleyan heritage they share. Too many churches already have been linked into yoked fellowships, group ministries, and other cooperative relationships. And too many individual Methodists and EUBs—from bishops to young people—have found new friendships in a variety of shared experiences.

A defeat of the Plan of Union by either General Conference most certainly would be a setback to further conversations about union and a setback to the ecumenical movement. But it could hardly be a permanent defeat to the spirit of Christian unity which has become a fact of life in the mid-20th century—both in and outside these two denominations. □

Integrate WSCS Schools

Negro and white Methodist women are conducting the first integrated schools of missions of the Woman's Society of Christian Service in North Carolina this year.

This is part of a continuing effort to merge structures of the North Carolina and Western North Carolina Conferences of the Southeastern Jurisdiction with the geographically overlapping North Carolina-Virginia Conference of the Negro Central Jurisdiction.

The WSCS organization in the Vir-

ginia Conference this fall integrated its school of missions to include women of the corresponding Negro conference for the second time.

Parable Wins Film Award

The controversial movie *Parable* has received the 1966 Religious Film Award from the National Catholic Theater Conference.

Produced by the Protestant Council of New York City and shown at the 1964-65 World's Fair, the all-pantomime color film portrays a circus clown as a "Christ image."

Despite objections, its producers never have interpreted the film on the grounds that it is "expressive rather than definitive and should be interpreted by each viewer in the light of his own personal feelings, background, and experience."

Parable is now available from the council on a rental basis, after being honored at the Cannes, Venice, and Edinburgh film festivals.

36 to Mission Fields

This fall 36 young men and women begin three-year special-term Methodist missionary service in 16 countries of Africa, Asia, and North and South America.

The "3s," as they are called, will work in such fields as home economics, nursing, education, music, library science, social work, agricultural demonstration and extension, medical technology, youth work, and photojournalism.

This year's group includes two couples, the first husband-and-wife teams ever to serve in the special-term program.

This is the 18th group to be sent out by the Methodist Board of Missions' World Division since 1948—a total of 971 persons.

Grape Strikers Win Election

Striking farm workers at two fruit ranches of the Di Giorgio Corporation in California's Joaquin Valley have selected the newly formed United Farm Workers Organizing Committee (AFL-CIO) as their sole collective bargaining agent.

The hotly contested vote, which defeated the powerful Teamsters union 530-331, was one result of a prolonged strike against California grape growers. Leaders in the farm-labor movement hailed the election as a landmark victory. Di Giorgio is the state's largest grower. The strike, now in its second year, continues against 31 other growers in the Delano area.

Strikers have had stauneh support from some churchmen and religious groups, especially the California Migrant Ministry [see *The Grape Strike*, September, page 42]. Farm labor

a Free dollar box of candy worth $1200?

How accepting a *free* box of Mason Candy netted Mrs. Koubek's Band Parents group $1200 profit in just seventeen days!

As chairman of the drive to raise money for needed band equipment, Mrs. Arthur Koubek of Lyons, Illinois, was faced with the problem: how to raise funds quickly, without risk or investment. She found the solution in the Mason representative's offer of a free box of candy. When the Mason man delivered it, he explained Mason's famous protected fund-raising plan.

Mason supplies your group—*completely without risk or investment*—a choice of beautifully boxed, top-quality Mason Candies. At no charge, each box has an attractively printed band, bearing your organization's name, picture, and slogan. Mason even *pre*-pays shipping charges. Your group makes a big NET PROFIT of 66⅔% (40¢ on every dollar box that costs you only 60¢) *and you pay nothing till after your drive is over.* Anything remaining unsold can be returned for *full credit! No risk, no investment*—you pay only *after* you have collected your profit! Many community, school and religious groups have raised from $300 to $2500 in four to twenty days. So can you.

For details and your *free* box of Mason Candy: fill in coupon below.

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GENTLEMEN: PLEASE SEND ME, WITHOUT OBLIGATION, INFORMATION ON YOUR FUND RAISING PLAN.

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ORGANIZATION _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

HOW MANY MEMBERS _____ PHONE _____

MASON CANDIES, INC., MINEOLA, N. Y.

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Just a few short years ago men and women afflicted with nerve deafness were considered beyond assistance. But today, a tiny, new hearing aid is making it possible for thousands of them to hear again. This remarkable, little hearing aid is called the Radioear 900. It weighs just a fraction of an ounce. If you have nerve deafness, send the coupon for more information. Or if you know of a friend or a relative who is afflicted, show him this ad. Radioear makes all models of Hearing Aids for any type of loss.

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NO AGE LIMIT!

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Then you may continue at Gold Star's regular low abstainer rates.

THIS ENROLLMENT PERIOD ENDS MIDNIGHT SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1966

NOV. 19
12 MIDNIGHT
1966

Here Are 21 Reasons Why You Need This Coverage

1 How Much Will This Policy Pay Me When I Go To The Hospital?
$100.00 per week.

2 When Will My Hospitalization Benefits Start?
The day you enter the hospital.

3 Will I Be Paid If I Am In The Hospital For Less Than A Full Week?
Yes. This new plan (#NLLE-9965R2) pays whether you are in the hospital for only a day, or a week, a month, a year or longer!

4 Does This Policy Have Any "Waiting Periods" Before I Can Use It?
No. It will go into force at noon of the day we receive your completed application and special $1 premium.

5 How Long Will I Continue To Receive Hospitalization Benefits?
There is no limit. Gold Star will continue to pay as long as you are confined to the hospital—even for life if necessary!

6 How May I Use These Benefit Payments?
You may use them in any way you wish—for hospital and doctor bills, rent, food, household expenses, or anything else. This is entirely up to you!

7 Does This Policy Pay Any Dismemberment Benefits?
Yes, when such dismemberment occurs within ninety days of the accident. It pays $2,500.00 for complete accidental loss of a hand, a foot or sight of an eye—$5,000.00 for loss of both hands, both feet or sight of both eyes.

8 Are These Benefits Payable In Addition To The $100.00 A Week?
Yes, they definitely are.

9 Can I Collect From Gold Star Even If I Carry Other Insurance?
Of course. This plan will pay you in addition to whatever you may receive from any other policies.

10 Why Do I Need This Gold Star Plan In Addition To My Other Hospital And Health Insurance?
While hospital costs have tripled in recent years, very few people have tripled their insurance. The chances are one in seven that you will require hospital care this year—and you will need money to take care of all your other expenses, as well as your hospital bills. Your Gold Star checks are rushed to you by air mail to use as you see fit!

11 May I Apply If I Am Over 65?
Yes, you may. Folks any age are welcome to apply—there is no age limit! And members over 65 will collect in addition to any amount payable under Medicare. In fact, Gold Star and Medicare supplement each other perfectly!

12 Will My Protection Be Cancelled If I Have Too Many Claims?
Gold Star guarantees never to cancel your protection because you have too many claims or because of advanced age. We also guarantee never to refuse to renew your policy unless the premium is not paid before the end of the grace period or unless renewal is declined on all policies of this type in your entire state. (Of course, if deception is used in making application, the policy may be ineffective. This is another way Gold Star protects honest folks.)

13 Will My Benefits Be Reduced Because of Advanced Age?
No. Regardless of how old you become or how many claims you have, your benefits remain the same!

14 What Is Not Covered By This Policy?
The only conditions not covered are those caused by: the use of alcoholic beverages or narcotics; mental or nervous disorders; pregnancy; pre-existing conditions (during the first 3 years only); act of war; or where care is in a government hospital. Everything else is covered!

15 What Are The Requirements For Membership In This Gold Star Plan?
You must not drink alcoholic beverages; you must not have been refused any health, hospital, or life insurance; and, to qualify during this enrollment period, you must apply before midnight of the date stamped on the enrollment form opposite.

16 Why Is This Offer Good For A Limited Time Only?
Because by enrolling a large number of people at the same time, underwriting, processing and policy issuance costs can be kept at a minimum—and we can pass these savings on to you.

17 Besides The Savings, Are There Other Advantages To Joining Gold Star During This Enrollment Period?
Yes. A very important one is that you do not need to complete a regular application—just the brief form opposite. Also, during this enrollment period there are no other requirements for eligibility—and no restrictive endorsements or "waivers" can be put on your policy!

18 **Can Other Members Of My Family Take Advantage Of This Offer?**

Yes, as long as they can meet the few requirements listed under question 15.

19 **How Much Does This New Gold Star Policy Cost Per Person?**

Only $1 per person for the first month, regardless of age! Thereafter, premiums for each member are as follows:

Age at Enrollment	Monthly Premium
0 - 44	only $3.97
45 - 69	only $6.38
70 or over	only $8.89

NOTE: The regular Monthly Premium shown here (for your age **at time of enrollment**) is the **same low premium** you will **continue** to pay; it will **not** automatically increase as you pass from one age bracket to the next! Once you have enrolled in this Gold Star plan, your rate can never be changed because of how much or how often you collect from us—or because of advanced age—but only if there is a general rate adjustment, up or down, on all policies of this type in your entire state!

20 **How Does The Money-Back Guarantee Work?**

Examine your policy carefully in the privacy of your own home. If for **any** reason you are not completely satisfied, return it within fifteen days and we will promptly refund your money. Meanwhile **you will be fully protected** while making your decision!

21 **How Do I Join?**

Fill out the enrollment form below (be sure to sign your name) and mail it, with just $1 for each person listed, to: The Gold Star Plan, Valley Forge, Pennsylvania 19481.

GRATEFUL POLICYHOLDERS WRITE:

EDWARD L. TOMPKINS, Milton, Ill.: "It is a privilege and a pleasure to be a member of the Gold Star Family. I have called upon them four times in the past three or four years and received full benefits each time."

MRS. LUCY E. WALTERS, Trona, Calif.: "Your prompt disposition of my two claims within a year has more than justified my expectations. They were taken care of in the exact manner that you advertised. Thank you."

WM. McK. SPIERER, Manhasset, N. Y.: "Of all the types of coverage I carry, only yours took into account major medical bills both in hospital and after. Delighted I joined your plan. Every eligible person should be a member."

MRS. ELEANOR H. REED, Miami, Fla. "In my opinion, the Gold Star Insurance Plan is the greatest thing that has ever happened. It definitely rewards those who are total abstainers. The charges on the policies are so reasonable and the amount of coverage is so generous."

KENDALL E. GARRIOTT, Mansfield, Ohio: "You were very punctual (same week!) in paying our claim. With a family the size of ours, this prompt check from you made a great deal of difference. In fact, because of it, we met our obligations on time."

LEADING AMERICANS SAY:

GEN. W. K. HARRISON, U. S. Army (Retired): "In my long experience in the Army, I have sadly observed the deadly effect of the use of liquor. I see no reason why non-drinkers should help pay the high costs of insurance due to liquor. After examination of the Gold Star Plan and its operation, I am convinced that it is effectively achieving its objectives."

DR. WALTER H. JUDD, leading American statesman: "Abstinence from alcohol undeniably improves health and prolongs life. It is appropriate that this should also bring financial benefit through the reduced cost of life and health insurance which the Gold Star Plan now provides."

DR. GRADY WILSON, associate evangelist to Billy Graham: "My experience with them convinces me that the DeMoss organization is one of the finest in the world and is rendering exceptional service. It is a tremendous thing when those who do not use alcoholic beverages are given such preferential advantages."

FILL OUT AND MAIL ENROLLMENT FORM TODAY!

POLICY WILL BE MAILED TO YOU AT ONCE!

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Gold Star Insurance Plans, available, effective and paying claims in all fifty states, are underwritten by

NATIONAL LIBERTY LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
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To Qualify During This Enrollment Period, You Must Mail Your Completed Enrollment Form Before Midnight, November 19, 1966!

SEND IT TO: *THE GOLD STAR PLAN, VALLEY FORGE, PENNSYLVANIA 19481.*

Be Sure to Enclose $1 for Each Person You List on the Enrollment Form.

APPLICATION TO **NATIONAL LIBERTY LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY** VALLEY FORGE, PA.
FOR THE GOLD STAR TOTAL ABSTAINERS PLAN 0-0-1-8851-116

NAME (Please Print) MR. MRS. MISS _____ First _____ Middle Initial _____ Last

ADDRESS _____ Street or RD #

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

DATE OF BIRTH _____ Month _____ Day _____ Year AGE _____ SEX Male ☐ Female ☐

I also hereby apply for coverage for the members of my family listed below: (DO NOT include name that appears above.)

NAME (Please Print)	RELATIONSHIP	SEX	DATE OF BIRTH MONTH DAY YEAR	AGE
1				
2				
3				
4				
5				

Neither I nor any person listed above uses alcoholic beverages or has been refused any health, hospital, or life insurance. I hereby apply for the Gold Star Total Abstainers Plan. I UNDERSTAND THAT NEITHER I NOR ANY PERSON LISTED ABOVE IS COVERED UNDER THIS POLICY FOR ANY CONDITION EXISTING PRIOR TO THE DATE OF ISSUE OF THE POLICY FOR A PERIOD OF THREE YEARS; and that the policy shall not be in force until it is actually issued. I am enclosing $1.00 for each person listed above for the first month's coverage. If, for any reason, I am not completely satisfied with this new protection—I may return my policy within fifteen (15) days for cancelling and my payment will be promptly refunded.

SIGNATURE X _____ Date _____

HLEA1

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POLICY NO.	RT. TBL.	OCC.	MO. PO.	UNO.	MODE	AMT. DUE	PAID	MTH.	DAY	YR.	REN. PREM.	TYPE	FORM	ST.
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strikes now have spread to the Rio Grande Valley of Texas and to other states.

Cesar Chavez, strike organizer for the National Farm Workers Association (NFWA), has credited religious and civil rights groups with major responsibility for the breakthrough in efforts to organize California farm workers.

Chavez' NFWA recently merged with the Agricultural Workers Organizing Committee of the AFL-CIO.

Rap Christmas Stamp

Controversy has erupted again this year over the U.S. Post Office Department's Christmas stamp.

Last year, complaint was raised that the stamp pictured the angel Gabriel with a female form. The department, however, refused to alter the stamp.

Postal officials recently announced that the 1966 Christmas stamp would feature Hans Memling's famed oil painting *Madonna and Child with Angels.*

In response, Rabbi Arthur J. Lelyveld, president of the American Jewish Congress, protested that the stamp is a "classic example" of how church-state separation violations "creep into practice and gain acceptance." The design "is plainly both religious and sectarian," he said.

In a blunt reply to Rabbi Lelyveld, Special Postal Assistant Ira Kapenstein pointed out that no one is forced to use the stamp and that its design reproduces a work of art.

Radio Mission in Manila

A powerful Christian radio station in Manila has more than tripled its broadcast schedule to 17 hours a day, broadening its program content, since the assignment of a young Methodist missionary as program director in March, 1965.

Methodist missionary Bill Matthews confers with broadcasting colleagues Lira Pablo and Ernesto Songco at DZCH, a new FM-AM Christian radio station in Manila, the Philippines.

The Rev. Bill Matthews of Dallas, Texas, began his duties at "Interchurch Radio—DZCH," the second unit of a proposed five-station National Council of Churches Broadcasting Network in the Philippine Islands, after six months of full-time language study.

DZCH programs are broadcast in both English and Tagalog dialect to a population of 33 million in major cities and villages throughout the islands. A varied program format includes news, music, agricultural features, drama, and other cultural, public-service, and religious programs.

Mr. Matthews writes that it is a popular custom—both deep in the provinces and in the heart of Manila—for owners of transistor radios to invite friends and neighbors over for "listening parties."

Together with 10 other Protestant denominations in North America, Methodism provided funds for starting and operating the Philippine station. Several U.S. churches, including Lovers Lane Methodist, Tyler Street Methodist, University Park Methodist, and Cedar Hill Methodist, in or near Dallas, support the ministry.

Solon Puts Safety First

Methodist Congressman James A. Mackay was supposed to be a North Georgia Conference delegate to the recent World Methodist Conference in London. He didn't make it.

Rep. Mackay and son, Jim, were prepared to embark, but safety kept them in Washington, D.C. Public safety, that is.

At the last moment, House of Representatives action came up on the Motor Vehicle and Traffic Act of 1966. This bill contained Rep. Mackay's proposal for a national traffic-safety agency with a presidentially appointed administrator.

Sticking close to Capitol Hill, Mackay was successful in pushing through the proposal that will affect the safety of millions of motorists.

Rep. Mackay is a member of Glenn Memorial Methodist Church in Atlanta, Ga. [see *Freshman Congressman*, October, 1965, page 18].

Select Essay Winners

Winners in the Methodist Bicentennial essay contest have been announced by Dr. Guy Smeltzer, chairman of the Methodist Bicentennial Contests Committee.

From more than 40 essays submitted, a first and second-prize winner was selected in each of four areas. They are:

Methodist Doctrine—the Rev. Durward Hofler, Mars Hill, N.C., first; the Rev. Richard Bowyer, Fairmont, W.Va., second.

Methodist Life and Work—Mrs. Nola Mae McFillen, Lake Charles, La., first; Nancy Basler Bjorklund, Tuskin, Calif., second.

Decisive Episodes in Methodist History—Mrs. Roberta B. West, Chinook, Mont., first; Edwin G. Sanford, Belmont, Mass., second.

Methodist Biography—the Rev. Robert Bevis Steelman, Bridgeton, N.J., first; Homer L. Calkin, Washington, D.C., second.

All essays have been filed in the library of the Association of Methodist Historical Societies at Lake Junaluska, N.C. Some may be published in *Methodist History,* the association's magazine.

Receive St. George Awards

A bishop, an editor-publishing executive, and a noted church architect have received the eighth annual St. George's Award for Distinguished Service to The Methodist Church.

Bishop Smith

The gold-medal awards were presented at a dinner in Philadelphia held in October.

The three recipients were Bishop W. Angie Smith of Oklahoma City, Okla.; Dr. Emory S. Bucke, book editor of The Methodist Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn.; and A. Hensel Fink of Philadelphia, designer of church structures for many denominations and architectural consultant, Methodist Board of Missions.

Dr. Bucke

Mr. Fink

The gold medal is given annually to at least one Methodist minister and one layman. St. George's Church, Methodism's oldest building in continuous use, dates from 1769. The Rev. Frederick E. Maser is pastor.

Japan Honors Missionary

The Rev. Ulysses Grant Murphy, at 96 one of the oldest living retired Methodist missionaries, has been honored for his part in the 1956 law which abolished Japan's licensed pros-

titution. He now lives near Seattle.

A scroll tribute, signed by the Japanese minister of health, hailed Mr. Murphy as a "pioneer" in his efforts, dating back to 1899 when he succeeded in gaining court action to free an 18-year-old girl who had been sold to brothel owners.

Push Chicago Open Housing

Methodist churches throughout northern Illinois were asked in September to launch educational programs on open housing as a step toward implementing the agreement reached in Chicago by civil rights, city, and real-estate leaders.

In a letter to the Rock River Conference Board of Christian Social Concerns, Bishop Thomas W. Pryor of Chicago asked that a "workable and effective" plan be drawn up immediately for the 403 churches in his area.

He stated that the co-operation of each clergyman, each lay leader, and the members of each official board should be sought to enable the educative processes to reach every member and constituent.

Bishop Pryor praised the Chicago Conference on Religion and Race for "vitality and statesmanship." It brought together leaders of the Chicago Freedom Movement, real-estate agents, business, labor, religious, and city officials at "summit" sessions which sought to end open-housing demonstrations in white areas.

This same conference pledged to enlist the full strength of the churches and synagogues of the metropolitan area to secure equal access to housing for all.

Link European Methodism

A newly formed organization of Methodists in 15 European countries is expected to accelerate its program of drawing formerly separate, somewhat isolated, churches together for co-operative planning, action, and fellowship.

Meeting recently in Gothenburg, Sweden, the Council of the Methodist Central Conference in Europe set up a central treasury to handle certain financial matters of common interest. Leaders also appointed a theological commission to examine the question of "Methodism's understanding of itself in Europe."

The commission's emphasis will include studies on Baptism, the training of ministers, and the meaning of membership in a nonstate church.

In other action, the council discussed alternatives facing Methodism in its worldwide structure, including autonomy, church union, and a proposed international Methodist Church.

The council was established in 1965 by representatives of the three

EVERY FAMILY NEEDS GOD

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Every member of the family needs God . . . needs to communicate with Him, to read the Bible, pray, and meditate upon His word.

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HOSIERY

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World assemblies grapple with the big question:

Whither Methodism in the Ecumenical Age?

CHRISTIAN unity—which one spokesman called the "life and death question of the church today"—dominated last summer's world Methodist meetings in London. Ecumenical considerations seemed to hang—like the typical Londoner's umbrella—on the arm of every major address, debate, and cloakroom comment.

Nearly 2,000 representatives of 21 independent Methodist bodies in 86 nations flocked to London for the 11th World Methodist Conference. Its 300-member governing body, the World Methodist Council, met concurrently.

The council's most significant act probably was the establishment of two new special commissions—one to deal with ecumenical affairs, the other to consider specific international and social questions with the World Council of Churches and others.

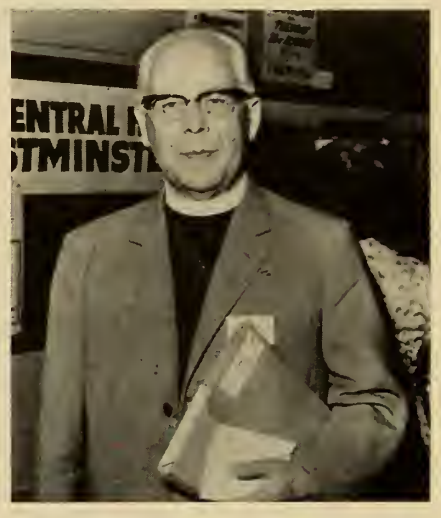
The council attempted to answer criticism by some of its members that it was insufficiently interested in Christian unity. It authorized establishment of a Methodist body to give special attention to conversations with Roman Catholics.

Four of its 10 members are from the United States: Bishops Fred P. Corson of Philadelphia and F. Gerald Ensley of Columbus, Ohio; Dr. William R. Cannon of Emory University's Candler School of Theology, and Dr. Albert C. Outler of Southern Methodist University's Perkins School of Theology.

One of the mild surprises at London was that the World Methodist Conference, probably as never before, turned into a lively forum where great issues were tackled with zest and authority.

One leader observed that the conference seemed bolder and more progressive than its parent body. The World Methodist Council, for example, has always drafted an official message to be "rubber stamped" by the larger conference. This time, however, the conference vigorously debated the message and sent it back for stronger positions on such topics as civil rights, Viet Nam, and Red China.

Top leadership of the World Methodist Council seemed to favor riding the crest of the ecumenical wave rather than pushing out ahead. Bishop Corson, outgoing president, noted a shift of ecumenical thinking from unity as a science to unity as an art. He warned against "band wagon strategy" and said Methodists should neither be stampeded into action nor "drugged into delays" with overconcern for early solutions to all problems.



Bishop Odd Hagen of Stockholm, new president, World Methodist Council.

A Methodist Board of Missions executive charged that the denomination's ecumenical stance often has been ambiguous. Dr. Tracey K. Jones, Jr., New York City, said, "One day we beat the drums and lead the ecumenical parade; the next day we drag our feet. In one meeting, we vote a million dollars to support an ecumenical project, and the next week we wish we had it back."

Young Methodists in London made no bones about their ecumenical intentions. Delegates from 39 countries asked that the first World Methodist Youth Conference be the last, saying they were "not interested in self-preservation of Methodism but in sharing our heritage." They recommended that the World Methodist Council initiate and co-operate in sponsoring ecumenical youth and student gatherings.

Ecumenicity and social action concerns also permeated the six-day Assembly of the World Federation of Methodist Women. Delegates from 55 lands urged strong support of the ecumenical movement, improvement of women's status in the church and society, and active work for world peace and justice, especially through the United Nations.

Problems of Christian family living received major attention at two meetings. Ethical problems and complex decisions facing churches over birth control were raised by the Rev. Kenneth G. Greet, British Methodist executive. Rapid scientific strides in contraception, artificial insemination, and what has been termed "human engineering" pose hard questions for Christian consciences, he declared.

The family-life meetings served as a springboard for organization of a permanent World Methodist Family Life Committee. Bishop Hazen G. Werner of New York City is chairman. Dr. J. Otis Young of Park Ridge, Ill., was named chairman of the North American section.

Conference delegates were driven to examine not only their own beliefs but the value of just such a meeting as they were attending.

Dr. C. F. Gribble, president-general of The Methodist Church in Australasia, said world meetings could be "powerful tributaries to the stream of the ecumenical advance." But such sessions can scarcely be justified, he continued, if they are merely for Methodist drumbeating, looking inward, and glorying in history and traditions for their own sake.

In crowded corridors and chatty tea parlors, talk revolved around such topics as autonomous churches, united churches, and the future of world Methodist alliances. British delegates wanted to know about the proposed union of U.S. Methodist and Evangelical United Brethren. American delegates asked about the British Methodist-Anglican merger.

British leaders insist that union with the Church of England will not weaken ties with the World Methodist Council. Some observers, however, feel that a breach is inevitable and that worldwide church unity will not come fast enough to counteract the trend. Many U.S. churchmen privately are worried that the loss of Methodist identity in England, where Methodism was born, will be a serious loss for all Wesleyan communions.

As delegates winged home after nine heady days in London, the final third of the 20th century was dawning. The period promises dramatic developments in piecing together a jigsaw Christianity. Will there *be* a Methodist Church, as such, at century's end? One delegate answered the question with another: "Will we *need* one?" —WILLMON L. WHITE

Central Conferences in which the 15 countries are grouped—the Northern Europe Central Conference, the Germany Central Conference, and the Central and Southern Europe Central Conference. Together they have a total of 133,543 full and preparatory members.

Laments Church Design

Many church buildings are so "lukewarm" and inoffensive in architectural style that their designers unwittingly may be contributing to the "God is dead" school of thought, laments a leading Methodist architect.

Norman Byar of Philadelphia, Pa., professional architect and executive secretary of the architecture department in the Methodist Board of Missions' National Division, says that most temples of worship are "nondescript, uninspiring, watered-down versions of a copy of some previous copy . . . acceptable to the common taste of the congregation."

Noting that churches are built for man, not God, Byar maintains that extreme care should be exercised to avoid giving the impression that God is contained in the building, in the chancel, or in any of the furnishings.

"If God is a spirit and not a person in a particular place, we should not give the impression he is localized. This means no shrinelike chancels, no bowing to an altar or facing the altar as we repeat creeds or offer prayers. It is extremely difficult to defend an altar in a Methodist church on anything but aesthetic grounds," he added.

God does not need to be worshiped, he continued. People need to worship God and "we can judge the building, therefore, not by whether it may be a pleasing offering to God, but by how well it functions in meeting man's needs."

Pioneer Historian Dies

Dr. Elmer T. Clark, widely known as "Mr. Methodist History," died August 29 in Birmingham, Ala., after a long illness. He served The Methodist Church 58 years, succumbing shortly before his 80th birthday.

Dr. Clark

Author, minister, teacher, and ecumenical leader, Dr. Clark was editor of *World Outlook*, Methodist missions magazine, from 1938 to 1952. He was semiretired in 1963 as secretary of the World Methodist Council and secretary of the American Association of Methodist Historical Societies.

A native of Arkansas, he was instrumental in organizing the World Methodist Council out of the former Ecumenical Methodist Council, and was chiefly responsible for building the WMC headquarters at Lake Junaluska, N.C., in 1956.

Author of more than 15 books, Dr. Clark's works include *An Album of Methodist History*, published in 1952. His religious journalism skills are credited with helping to raise more than $100 million for Methodism.

Chinese Body for Autonomy

Chinese Methodist congregations in Western Malaysia and Singapore have gone on record in favor of severing organizational ties with U.S. Methodism and establishing an autonomous Methodist Church.

The conference position does not set in motion any formal move toward autonomy. The larger Southeastern Asia Central Conference, made up of several annual conferences, must initiate such action.

The Chinese body also affirmed its intentions of "preserving such fraternal relationships as exist between the Malaysia Chinese Annual Conference and The Methodist Church in the United States."

The Rev. S. T. Lim, who introduced the resolution, explained that the structure of the church must be altered to suit changes taking place in the country, so the church can be identified with and speak effectively to the people.

He added that since Western Malaysia and Singapore have shed all foreign control, the Methodist Church can no longer be controlled by a governing body situated in the U.S.

The resolution called for joint action with three other Methodist conferences in the area to form an autonomous church—the Malaya Annual Conference, the Sarawak Annual Conference, and the Iban Provisional Annual Conference.

Interfaith Student Alliance

In a significant ecumenical step, Protestant college students have joined with Roman Catholic, Anglican, and Eastern Orthodox campus groups to form one national organization.

The University Christian Movement was born at the recent annual general assembly of the National Student Christian Federation (NSCF) which then voted itself out of existence.

The Methodist Student Movement was one of the seven member bodies of NSCF. It also included the Baptist Student Movement, Lutheran Student Association of America, National Canterbury Committee (Episcopal), National Student Council of the YWCA, United Campus Christian Fellowship (Disciples of Christ, United Presbyterian—U.S.A., Evangelical United Brethren, Moravian, United Church of Christ), and Westminster Fellowship (Presbyterian, U.S.—Southern).

Joining these seven groups are the National Federation of Catholic College Students, the National Newman Student Federation, and the Campus Commission of the Standing Conference of the Orthodox Bishops in the Americas. The Young Friends of North America (Quaker) also will enter into full membership. The new organization will be related to the National Council of Churches, but will be autonomous in its legislative and decision-making powers.

MYFers Study, Serve

Special emphasis was focused on the study, worship, and service aspects of Christian life as 140 young people shared in the week-long annual meeting of the National Conference of the Methodist Youth Fellowship.

Methodist-related Hamline Univer-

New council members of the National Conference of the Methodist Youth Fellowship were elected during the annual meeting at St. Paul, Minn. From left: Mark Biddle, Topeka, Kans.; Mark Sheldon, Monticello, Ill.; Joan Coffey, Boerne, Texas; Craig Nettleton, Proctor, Minn.; Edward Bounds, Clarksdale, Miss.; and Tommy Sloan, Grant's Pass, Oreg. Sheldon was elected chairman of the national body.

TV *this month*

With DAVID O. POINDEXTER
Broadcasting and Film Commission
National Council of Churches

THE QUESTION is, do we, the television audience, want quality programming, or do we want pap? For several years we have been consuming a steady diet of situation comedies, westerns, whodunits, spies, and spoofs. Too few serious dramas or significant specials have challenged our thinking or broadened our horizons.

Suddenly things are looking up. This season for a change we have *ABC Stage 67*, and the promise of a monthly *Sunday Night at the Theater* on ABC; CBS is scheduling its *Playhouse* and offering $25,000 for original scripts; NBC is continuing *Hallmark Hall of Fame* and has announced development of a Sunday-afternoon experimental theater series. All this is in addition to a continuing schedule of significant specials on all three networks.

The problem is that it takes more effort to view this type of reality-oriented programming than it does to escape into the never-never world of a Gomer Pyle or a Maxwell Smart. Recently Tyrone Guthrie wrote in *The New York Times:*

"It is true that purposeful intensity of any kind—at work, at golf, doing a crossword puzzle, making a cheese soufflé, or at the theater—demands a formidable output of energy. And it is true that most of us are lazy most of the time, and some of us are lazy all the time. Therefore, the demand for pap—pappy plays, pappy newspapers, pappy television, pappy views about life, death, and a pappy hereafter—is very much greater than the demand for what requires more energy and guts."

Now, I enjoy loafing as well as the next person. But the excitement and action in life rarely occur in the midst of a loaf. Neither do I maintain that television documentaries and dramas are equally informative, interesting, or emotionally moving experiences. But every season a number of these do qualify wholly or in part. (Did you see CBS' *Death of a Salesman?*) And this year the networks are making a conscious effort to place some serious drama in their schedules.

If the mass audience is too lazy to watch these attempts at excellence in programming, no sponsor is going to foot the bill for it. The next few months will tell the tale.

Meanwhile, however, serious viewers have some treats ahead. To become absorbed in a drama that deals with real life, that sinks its hooks deeply and compels you to new insights and commitment is to experience life on a heightened, more exciting and rewarding plane. Television at its best can do this. Some among the following programs may well qualify.

October 19, 10-11 p.m., EDT, on ABC's *Stage 67—The Confession* concerns a drug-addicted boy who confesses to a crime he did not commit. As the truth is revealed, many layers of guilt are bared—the boy's, his parents', and that of the community and society as a whole. Stars are Brandon de Wilde and Arthur Kennedy.

October 21, 10-11 p.m., EDT, on ABC—*We Are Not Alone.* Is there life in outer space?

October 24, 10-11 p.m., EDT, on ABC—*To Save a Soldier.* Air medic evacuation teams in Viet Nam.

October 27, 8:30-9 p.m., EDT, on CBS—*It's the Great Pumpkin, Charlie Brown,* a *Peanuts* Halloween special.

October 30 and **November 6,** 6:30-7:30 p.m., EST, on NBC—*The Campaign and the Candidates.*

November 2, 10-11 p.m., EST, on ABC *Stage 67—The Canterville Ghost,* Oscar Wilde's satire on English and American attitudes, updated from the 1890s to the 1960s.

November 4, 7:30-10 p.m., EST, on ABC—*Hans Christian Andersen.*

November 5, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EST, on CBS—*Dr. Leakey and the Dawn of Man,* a *National Geographic* special on the discovery of *Homo habilis* in Tanzania.

November 6, 7:30-9 p.m., EST, on NBC—*Alice Through the Looking Glass,* stars Jimmy Durante as Humpty Dumpty, Nanette Fabray as the White Queen, Ricardo Montalban as White King, Agnes Moorhead as Red Queen, and the Smothers Brothers as Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

November 6, 10:30-11 p.m., EST, on CBS—election special.

November 7, 10-11 p.m., EST, on NBC—*Our Overcrowded Sky.*

November 8, all evening, on all networks—election coverage.

November 9, 10-11 p.m., EST, on ABC's *Stage 67—The People Trap,* on dehumanizing effects of megalopolis in the year 2000.

November 13, 6:30-7:30 p.m., EST, on NBC—*The Domino Nations* (tentative title), on nations of Southeast Asia.

November 16, 10-11 p.m., EST, on ABC—*Where It's At.* □

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sity in St. Paul, Minn., was the site of the session for delegates, fraternal delegates (including several from the Evangelical United Brethren Church), and youth counselors.

Each morning, part of the assemblage gathered for depth study of the Letter to the Ephesians, while others hustled away to paint a house in an urban rehabilitation area of St. Paul, to help at a playground across the Mississippi River in Minneapolis, to assist with Travelers Aid at the Minneapolis-St. Paul International Airport, or to work at any one of 28 other service projects. In the afternoon, the process was reversed.

MYFers learned, as one adult leader put it, that "Christian service is not always the good guys helping the bad guys." One youth cadre met resentment from a resident in the house-painting project. Another group's "service" consisted of plowing through piles of files and cards. Still another spent the week in municipal courts, able to do nothing but listen.

Calling the church "a launching pad for Christian mission" was Dr. Thomas W. Ogletree, of Chicago Theological Seminary. The church is often embroiled in controversy, the professor told the youth. "You are not going to do anything in the world in terms of coming to grips as Christians with the world's problems and not get into conflict," he said.

Needed: Courageous Pastors

A Christian minister needs to be more than a "pale reflection of his congregation's views," according to Methodist Congressman John Brademas of Indiana. He must at times speak "unpleasant truths to his congregation."

In the keynote address for the annual Methodist Men's Institute at DePauw University, Greencastle, Brademas gave a conference of Indiana high-school boys considering minis-

Pope Paul VI greets Dr. Wayne A. Lamb, pastor of Madison Heights Methodist Church, Memphis, Tenn., and a party of 25 en route to the World Methodist Conference in London. The pontiff presented Dr. Lamb with a medal commemorating his trips to Palestine, India, and the U.S.

terial careers his ideas on "what a layman needs in his minister today."

The modern minister should have studied modern economics and politics, he said, in order to understand the urbanization of American society and the challenge to the church in the wide spectrum of urban problems.

Further, pastoral counseling takes much of his time because he must often be the "poor man's psychiatrist," familiar with psychology and family relations.

Rep. Brademas noted that recent ecumenical movements have made it clear that the Protestant minister must be familiar with leading Roman Catholic and Jewish theological thought.

"Yet," he concluded emphatically, the clergyman's "highest calling is to be a proclaimer of the Gospel of Christ."

Favors Birth-Control Aid

Bishop John Wesley Lord of Washington, D.C., believes that welfare agencies should make available birth-control aid and advice to women on public welfare.

The bishop made clear his position in a statement issued through the Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns.

In response to other churchmen's recent stances on the subject, Bishop Lord said that welfare and social workers are more competent and knowledgeable than many members of the clergy or the medical profession in dealing with this problem.

He pointed out that the Methodist Social Creed declares that "families in all parts of the world should have available to them necessary information and medical assistance for birth control through public and private programs."

Bishop Lord added that those who deal with the problems caused by ignorance and neglect in this area would be among the best qualified to administer both the advice and the means when requested.

Certify Church Managers

Thirty-three persons from 13 states have become the first church administrators certified by The Methodist Church. Ceremonies were held during the annual meeting of the national Methodist Association of Church Administrators in Lake Junaluska, N.C.

The certificates were issued by the Methodist Board of Lay Activities in recognition of various combinations of service and training, under standards established in 1964.

In other action, the association elected George S. Johnston, business manager of First Methodist Church, Montgomery, Ala., as its president. He succeeds Joe O. Hardin of West Market Street Methodist Church, Greensboro, N.C.

In a similar but separate development, six Methodists are among 12 persons from half a dozen denominations who recently were granted professional certificates in church management by American University in Washington, D.C.

Howard C. Roher, lay officer of Marvin Memorial Methodist Church, Silver Spring, Md., was one of four persons cited for superior scholarship.

The 12—believed to be the first to earn such certification from an institution of higher education—completed a series of courses, institutes, and exams in the university's center for church management.

The Rev. Clyde W. Humphrey, a member of the Virginia Methodist Conference, is the center's director.

$1 Million for India

Methodism has contributed more than $1 million to aid India in battling famine conditions. The goal for a special appeal made last May is $1.5 million.

Administered by the Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief (MCOR), the special emergency offering is going initially to help feed a million persons daily. In return for food, many of these people assist in digging wells, building water reservoirs, and repairing irrigation canals —all of which, it is hoped, will help ward off future famines.

According to Dr. J. Harry Haines, general secretary of MCOR, the total given thus far includes a contribution of $2,147 from Methodists in Liberia.

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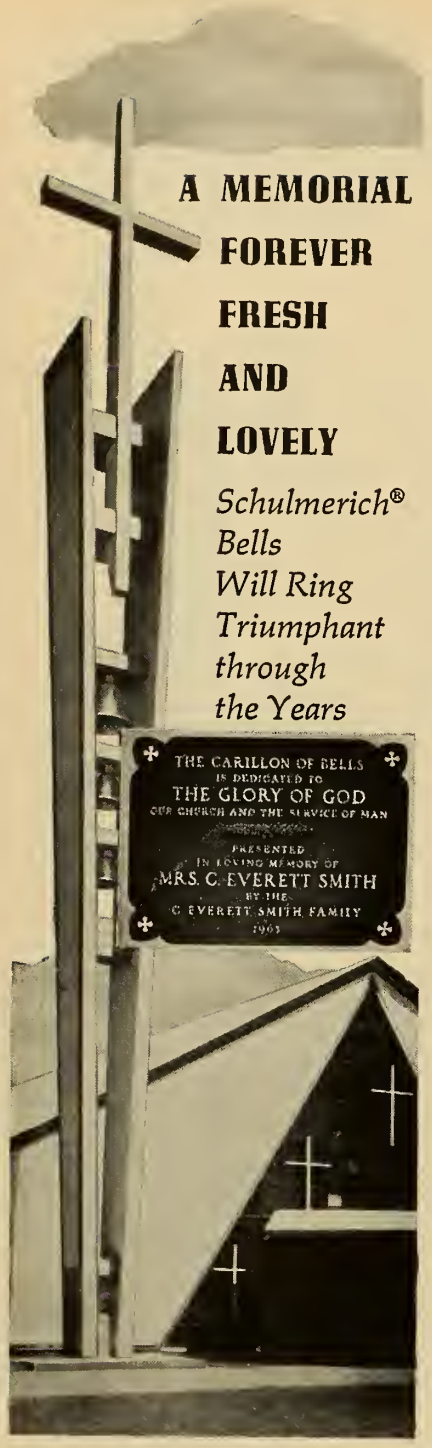

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He noted this was the largest gift ever received from an overseas Methodist conference for a special offering and is the largest per capita gift of any annual conference for the India offering.

In another phase of the relief program, MCOR is helping to provide funds for the establishment of clinics which make available counseling on family planning. Eighty-four such clinics had been set up by September.

Through MCOR, Methodists also recently joined with other Christians in sending a shipment of 25,000 tons of chemical fertilizer to help India's crop production. Hans Auerbakken—the most experienced Methodist missionary technician in work of this kind—arrived in India during August to assist with famine-relief work.

Swiss Bishop Elected

A top leader in The Methodist Church in Switzerland, the Rev. Franz Schafer of Bern, has been elected a bishop by the Central and Southern Europe Central Conference.

Participating in his consecration at Lausanne, Switzerland, on September 4, were five Methodist episcopal leaders, including Bishops Paul N. Garber of Raleigh, N.C., and Lloyd C. Wicke of New York City.

For a six-year term, Bishop Schafer will administer the Geneva Area, which has 41,000 Methodists in 10 countries of Europe and North Africa.

The 45-year-old superintendent of the West District of the Switzerland Annual Conference succeeds Bishop Ferdinand Sigg, who died last year.

Volunteer to Viet Nam

Tharon McConnell, a registered nurse from Mooresville, N.C., arrived in South Viet Nam in September to begin a two-year term of duty with Vietnam Christian Service (VCS).

The Methodist recruit is one of 15 embarking this fall to join more than 40 others already at work helping to meet some of the serious medical, health, educational, and agricultural needs of the war-weary Vietnamese.

VCS is a joint refugee relief effort of Church World Service (National Council of the Churches of Christ in the USA), Lutheran World Relief, and the Mennonite Central Committee.

Miss McConnell, a graduate of Duke University school of nursing, spent the past year in the Frontier Nursing Service in Leslie County, Kentucky, making calls by horseback and Jeep.

CENTURY CLUB

Six new members join this month's Century Club, among them a Canadian-born California gentleman who walks several blocks to church every Sunday morning. The centenarians are:

Seeley L. Pillar, 101, San Bernardino, Calif.
Mrs. Elizabeth Eliason, 100, Middletown, Del.
Mrs. Emma L. Friedly, 100, Santa Barbara, Calif.
Mrs. Carrie Kreckman, 100, Rochester, N.Y.
Miss Ella Larson, 100, Minneapolis, Minn.
Mrs. Olive Marsh, 100, Nappanee, Ind.

In submitting nominations for the Century Club, please include the nominee's present address, date of birth, name of the church where the centenarian is a member, and its location.

Methodists in the News

Astronaut **Thomas Stafford**, crew member of 1965's *Gemini 6* and this year's *Gemini 9*, was among four winners of the 1966 Harmon International Aviation Trophy.

Alfred A. Darter, a Methodist layman and former head of the Family Guidance Center in St. Joseph, Mo., has been named director of institutions for the Commission for Catholic Charities and Social Welfare of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Pittsburgh, Pa. He will supervise five diocesan institutions.

George M. Kimber, prominent layman from Morristown, N.J., has been appointed to the board of managers of the American Bible Society.

Miss Carol Ann Armacost, premedical student at Methodist-related Western Maryland College, is the 1966 American Dairy Princess. She was among 30 contestants in competition sponsored by the American Dairy Association.

Mrs. Joy Carol Wilkes, former missionary to Pakistan and recently an instructor in the Anaheim, Calif., schools where she taught Mexican migrant workers to read and speak English, and **Dr. Newman H. Walker**, superintendent of schools in Paducah, Ky., are among those named America's Outstanding Young Educators for 1965-66. The awards are given annually by the U.S. Jaycees and the *World Book Encyclopedia*.

Which Way Forward?

THERE IS REASON for concern about the present uncertainty in the national temperament. One observer has described it as a mood of "lost laughter"; others are unsure how to summarize it. But everywhere in the past few months there have been indications of doubt and uneasiness, if not discouragement and frustration. Some of the energy and optimism that always have characterized American life appear to have boiled away during still another long, hot summer of indecisive turbulence. We seem to be approaching a psychological crossroads which confronts us with the question, "Where do we want to go from here, and what is the best way to get there?"

This question is prompted not by any particularly new problem or fresh crisis. Instead, it springs from the accumulated anxiety about dilemmas all too familiar. Every day we are burdened by further illustrations of failure—and await in vain for news of even just one far-reaching success.

Consider the question of civil rights, our national raw nerve. Over the past several years, there have been some rather astonishing gains—not so importantly in legislative and judicial actions, though these are essential, as in changed attitudes. We no longer can ignore bigotry and injustice; we know we must deal with them somehow, uncomfortable though that is certain to be. Civil rights is prominently in the mainstream of American concern, and it will stay there until we eliminate those attitudes and practices that mock the fundamental premises upon which this nation was founded.

But many tire of the struggle; they despair because they see no end to it. At one extreme are heard the shrill cries of those pathetic, hate-filled people who violently reject the whole concept of equality. Their counterparts at the other extreme are those so inflamed by frustration and bitterness that they attack the very fabric of society in lawlessness and destruction. Both responses are irrational.

But what about the vast majority that are not counted in either extremist camp?

As this is written, the word "backlash"—remember 1964?—is beginning to be heard again. Polls show increasing dissatisfaction with the current administration's handling of civil rights matters—as though we, who complain so loudly about government intrusion in our lives, think Washington can solve this problem we have created for ourselves, and which each of us helps to sustain. And abroad in the land, as at any time of uncertainty and frustration, are the shrill voices of the Know-Nothings and the Know-Everythings—those who speak not to our reason and our idealism but to our prejudices and our fears. How many will fall prey to their negativism? How many are ready to give up, just when we are really moving in depth on this social cancer and see—however dimly—that it is beginning to recede?

Much the same could be said about efforts to eradicate poverty. However inconsistent, inefficient, and sometimes politically shackled, they do at least represent an effort to begin whittling away in earnest at a national disgrace. But again, we have not wiped out the trouble in a few years. So some invoke Scripture to insist that the poor will always be with us—neglecting, of course, to complete that passage from Deuteronomy 15:11, which says in full: "For the poor will never cease out of the land; therefore I command you, You shall open wide your hand to your brother, to the needy and to the poor, in the land."

Abroad, the war in Viet Nam nags on, like a migraine headache. Already it is the most unpopular conflict in our history; as it continues, with our military commitment climbing and loss of life mounting, it becomes even more repugnant—as recent polls show. We yearn for a way out, some expectation of an ending, and yet none is clearly in view. Here again, the pall of futility is pierced by the Sirens, who scream, "Drop the bomb." Others, some with better modulated voices, urge withdrawal at whatever cost—anything to end the indecisiveness.

And so it is with many of the problems we face: they hang on, without easy solutions. The question is, can we hang on, too? Or, in our frustration to be done with it all, will we lose perspective, toss out our idealism, and retreat? This is the danger in the present unsettled mood that pervades the nation today. But how do we decide which way to go from here?

First, *be realistic*—which is to say, be informed. Study the dimensions of the problems that confront us, and the varied proposals for dealing with them.

Second, *constantly test your attitudes and conclusions against the Christian faith and American ideals.*

Third, *take positive positions and support positive programs; be for something.* Just being negative, or doing nothing, is no way out.

Fourth, *be open to new evidence and responsive to new conditions.* Take a position, yes, but not "until death do you part." Stick by it only as long as it holds up in the critical light of all you believe, all you are able to learn.

Fifth, *count on change.* Nothing in the universe is static; history itself is defined as the record of change. How else did we make it here from the cave?

Finally, *proceed on the conviction that we must, and the faith that we can, solve the problems that confront us.* No well-informed person claims it will be easy. But to do less, to lose hope and surrender to fate, is to commit spiritual suicide.

Years ago, Ralph Waldo Emerson described America's need of "men and women of original perception and action; men of elastic, men of moral mind, who can live in the moment and talk and take a step forward." So it is today.

But which way forward? This can be answered intelligently only by those who have a basic concept of what life is all about and what values are fundamental in all human affairs—yet whose idealism is tempered by a firm grasp of present realities. Let us reject those other prophets of despair and fear and hate, and affirm our confidence in the future we must help to shape. It is the Christian thing to do.

—YOUR EDITORS

The Sacrament of Sex

By *WILLIAM LUTHER WHITE*
Chaplain, Illinois Wesleyan University
Bloomington, Illinois

Knowing what—and how—to tell maturing youngsters about sex never has been easy for parents. Today, when traditional understandings are questioned and our society is satiated with sex, the task is perhaps more difficult than ever before. What are the fundamental points Christian parents should make to their older children? How do biblical teachings apply to the concrete, often ambivalent situations of today in which youngsters find themselves? Here, from a campus chaplain, is an in-depth analysis of the current situation. It is directed specifically at those of college age who, he explains, already have a great deal of freedom but must be encouraged to use it responsibly. "Were I addressing a junior-high MYF," he stresses, "I would emphasize the guidelines more and the freedom less."

THIS IS THE era of Kinsey and *Candy*, of *Playboy* and the Pill. Some social scientists claim that we are now in the midst of a great "sexual revolution"; others contend that sexual behavior has varied little in 60 years; still others say today's young people are more conservative than their parents.

Call it "revolution" or "evolution," the evidence piles up around us daily that sexual attitudes *are* changing. But what are we to make of all this? Should Christians stand firm, defending traditional ethical positions? Or has the time come for a thorough re-evaluation of our sexual attitudes? And, like it or not, suppose a major change is underway? Is that necessarily bad, or might it be for the best?

In 1953, Dr. Alfred Kinsey dissolved much of the mystery surrounding sexual behavior in America. Cold statistics now are available, should we care to know what is "average" practice. In 1959, birth-control pills went on sale for the first time. Events like these are bound to have an influence on our thinking, and increased knowledge of sexual practice, plus increased power to control reproduction, eventually will have a profound social effect.

Whether there has been much change so far is debatable. But at the verbal level, change has been dramatic. Even if somewhat inaccurate, the Kinsey reports have forced our whole society to speak more openly and frankly about sex. New books and articles have poured from the presses these past 13 years.

There are other facts to consider. I doubt if ever in history there has been a young generation more

openly and consistently subject to sexual pressures than the current one. Because of improved diets, young people now reach physical maturity two years earlier than they did a century ago. But marriage, instead of coming earlier, must be increasingly delayed as one prepares for his lifework.

And then—as though pressures were not intense enough—our sex-saturated society has ingenious devices to make a bad situation worse. As Harvey Cox puts it, we are "constantly bombarded—through clothing styles, entertainment, advertising, and courtship mores—with perhaps the most skillfully contrived array of erotic stimulants ever amassed." A bikini-clad beauty lures us to believe that a Fiat automobile is the "second best shape in Italy." A magazine feature on movies remarks: "This isn't 1945. Today a bedroom scene is *nothing*—but it's an *essential* 'nothing'!" A literary critic, bored with all the clinical analysis of sexual experience, quips: "Too many brothels spoil the book!"

This is our situation today—increased sexual pressures, increased stimulation, increased methods of control, and a rising *question:* Does the old morality fit any longer? For it is becoming obvious that traditional answers are *not* adequate any longer—at least not the so-called "puritanical" answers of the past two centuries, which based the case for chastity on legalism and fear. We can no longer pretend that sex doesn't exist—or if it does, that it isn't *important!*

The Biblical View of Sex

But what *is* an adequate sex code for this new day? Let us look first to the Bible. It could be that the soundest possible approach to sex is found there.

If you think the Bible is prissy or evasive on sex, there's no better proof that you're not familiar with the Bible. You can't even finish Genesis and believe that! The Book of Hosea is about a prostitute. The prophet Ezekiel was anything but delicate in accusing his people of "whoring after idols." And if the Song of Solomon were published in a really modern translation, it might even get banned in Boston!

But what is the biblical view of sex? Actually, it's summed up well in the opening lines of Genesis: *"God created man . . . ; male and female he created them."*

Some people act as though sex were something man invented while God wasn't looking. But the Bible tells us that our sexuality is the deliberate design of our Creator. Sex, then, is not something to be endured or tolerated. Of course, it can be misused. But, as with all the rest of God's creation, it is intended for man's benefit and enjoyment. It has positive worth. And "God saw everything that he had made [including sexuality], and behold, it was very good!"

What, then, *is* the intended purpose of sex? Genesis gives us two clues:

Sex is a means of reproduction. It is the way we constantly renew the human race and populate the earth. "God said to them, 'Be fruitful and multiply, and fill the earth and subdue it; and have dominion over [it].'" You see, mankind hasn't broken all of God's commandments; here is one of them which people really have taken to heart!

Further, sex is a means of communion. It is one way we overcome isolation and participate intimately in the life of another. "God said, 'It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him a helper fit for him. . . . Therefore a man leaves his father and his mother and cleaves to his wife, and they become one flesh.'" Lives are literally merged, and unity is achieved, in the act of intercourse. This kind of sharing and communication and companionship is a value in itself, even without the intention of conception.

Whatever the temporary attraction of some solitary Walden, God has not created people to exist as isolated individuals. We are fundamentally social creatures, designed for relationships with others. As individuals, we are incomplete. We cannot reproduce ourselves; nor can we overcome spiritual isolation without reaching beyond self-interest and individualism. Only through sharing with others do we find completion and wholeness and meaning. Sexual intercourse is one powerful illustration of this basic theological truth.

But stop a moment. This is a positive, biblical endorsement of sex—but in neither the Old nor the New Testament is sex made the chief reason for existence. Sex is not God! Only the living God is worthy of complete devotion and service. When sex becomes a religion, the ultimate concern, it is an idol to be smashed.

> *"It is becoming obvious that traditional answers are not adequate any longer—at least, not the so-called 'puritanical' answers of the past two centuries, which based the case for chastity on legalism and fear."*

This often was the situation in biblical times, and it accounts for some of the less appreciative remarks on sex. Old Testament prophets were challenged by pagan Baals—the fertility cults which exalted sex above God. The Old Testament had nothing against fertility—only fertility religions. And St. Paul was familiar with the practice of cultic prostitution in his day. Beyond that, he felt that the times were too desperate for Christians to become absorbed in the anxieties and problems of family life. Still, he recommended marriage for the passionate. And it was St. Paul who advised married couples to have intercourse regularly, and not take out too much time for "fasting and prayer"!

There have been times in Christian history when the body and its impulses were considered degrading necessities. But this view comes not from the Bible but from the Greek world. In biblical thought, the whole physical life of man is basically good. It is a gift of God to be used for his glory. The fact that people have bodies is no embarrassment for Christians.

Christians teach that God himself embodied, or incarnated, in Jesus. The church is affectionately called "The body—of Christ."

Sex as a Sacrament

It is here that the idea of sex as sacrament comes in. A sacrament is a physical expression of a spiritual reality. In this sense, much of life can be sacramental, as we recognize the source of all in God and use everything for his praise. True, marriage is not an *official* sacrament in Protestantism; Jesus did not command it as he did Baptism and the Lord's Supper. And I do not mean that sexual experience is necessary for *salvation!* Some very fine Christians have managed to get along rather well without it, both celibate clergy and consecrated laymen.

But a broad definition of a sacrament is "an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace." In this way, our sexual life should qualify as sacramental—from the first goodnight kiss to the marriage bed. When we are honest, are not these outward acts symbols of a deep affection within?

The idea of sex as a sacrament is hardly new; it goes back 15 centuries to Augustine, who regarded marriage as a sacrament because "it symbolizes sacred things." Roland Bainton, the great church historian, says that the biblical view of sex is basically sacramental. This attitude includes the seriousness, the mystery, and, above all, the sense of God's working through the material for spiritual ends.

But suppose we do take a sacramental view of sex. What is that supposed to mean next Saturday night? Do you let him kiss you or don't you? Do you encourage her to park or don't you? Or suppose you care a lot for each other, how far then do you go?

It is impossible to offer one answer that fits every situation. Guidelines are available, but no simple "yes or no" answers. The details of decision are yours alone, not mine or anyone else's. As in every other area of life, the individual Christian can be furnished with a compass, but not a complete road map.

Still, you can't start in just *any* direction and reach the point marked by your compass. A Christian is invited to exercise his freedom within a certain framework. Our religion is one of love, not of law. We are to live by the Spirit, not by a rule book. Hence you must develop your own judgment of what concern for others means in this difficult and sensitive area.

I would, however, like to present four guidelines for your consideration as you make your own decisions.

1. ***Christians should be adequately informed about sex.*** In no area can intelligent decision be grounded in ignorance. You hear so many contrary opinions; what are the facts? *Playboy*, for instance, argues that premarital intercourse makes a positive contribution to sexual adjustment in marriage. But better scholars than Hugh M. Hefner—and married ones, at that—challenge this theory. Another argument is that "Everybody's doing it these days!" Well, Evelyn Duvall estimates that perhaps 50 percent of college men and 25 percent of college women have intercourse before graduation. But that's not quite everybody. And students who consider themselves religious are three times as likely to reserve this intimacy for marriage.

Particularly since the pill, of course, we hear that pregnancy is no longer necessary. But every year, a quarter of a million American babies are born outside marriage. This cannot be written off as a problem of the poor or the ignorant. Kinsey reported that 13 percent of college co-eds experience pregnancy before marriage. And two of three first children born to married college students are "unexpected."

Even if an infallible pill were available, infallible people would be required to use it perfectly. A few people can exert this kind of discipline. But in an area so dominated by impulse and passion, it is foolish to expect too much.

2. ***Christians should attempt to be honest about sex.*** A vast amount of sexual expression is simply dishonest. We say "I love you" when we don't mean it, when we couldn't possibly mean it. Rather, we mean, "I need you—or at least someone to show me some affection. You're handy, so you'll do for the moment."

Many dating relationships are obviously self-centered and exploitive and do not have the genuine concern for the partner at heart. They have nothing to do with love, except perhaps self-love. The Cassanova who flits from body to body may think of himself as a great lover—but the world sees him as one so insecure in his ability to love, so uncertain of his own lovableness, that he cannot establish a permanent relationship with anyone. Much sexual activity is motivated by an effort at rebellion, a need to prove oneself, the drive to satisfy curiosity, or the desire to follow group standards. And yet when the neurotic and immature repeat those magic little words often enough, they usually find someone gullible enough to believe them.

> *"A Christian objects to the* Playboy *philosophy not because it is sexy but because it is* not sexy enough! *It fails to integrate sex with life. It snubs . . . the deep human relationships which make sex most . . . meaningful."*

Hollywood has been a party to sexual dishonesty through its promotion of the romantic ideal. Of course, the sparks must fly quickly if boy-meets-girl leads to boy-gets-girl in a couple of hours. But how many girls grow up actually expecting to find that enchanted evening, that crowded room, and that stranger who has eyes only for them? You don't even need to meet the guy—you'll simply know when he appears! That ol' black magic—those icy fingers up and down your spine—will tell you!

Honesty forces us to confess this attitude toward love is a fabulous hoax! Mature love takes time. You

are more likely to *grow* in love than to *fall* in love.

3. ***Christians should fully respect the personalities of others, including those of the opposite sex.*** People are not to be used; they are to be genuinely loved and appreciated. A girl is more than a "playboy accessory"; even though males sometimes wish it were otherwise, one does not terminate a relationship with a real live girl in the same way he snaps off the stereo. Nor are men trophies to be won and displayed before admiring sisters.

A Christian objects to the *Playboy* philosophy not because it is sexy but because it is *not sexy enough!* It fails to integrate sex with life. It snubs the kind of deep human relationships which make sex most delightful and meaningful. In one part of his *Playboy Philosophy,* Hefner attacks Bishop John A. T. Robinson for saying it is immoral to have premarital sex with a girl you don't love. Hefner sees sex in a one or two-dimensional perspective. He claims that it's nicer if sex is accompanied by love, but it's not necessary.

The Christian, on the other hand, sees sex as a multidimensional expression of personality—including a biological aspect—but far richer and deeper than chemistry alone. This is the distinction between human sex and animal sex. Human sex is incomplete if unaccompanied by a union of personalities, as well as bodies. A Don Juan finds increasing frustration rather than the fullness of life he desperately seeks.

Healthy sex can never be the casual affair that *Playboy* suggests. What we do about sex does make a difference in our lives. It produces increased trust or distrust. It leads to greater integrity or brings duplicity and deceit into relationships. It dissolves barriers between persons or constructs them. It evokes co-operation or resistance. It enhances or diminishes self-respect. It can stir the individual to a new zest for life, or leave him thwarted and disillusioned. The one thing you *cannot* say is that sex can be taken casually. Harvey Cox is right when he charges that *Playboy* is "basically antisexual." It dilutes and dissipates authentic sexuality by keeping it at a safe distance. For the Christian, the command to love and to show consideration applies to sex as well as to every other area of life.

Now suppose a certain couple *is* honest and informed about sex and is very deeply in love. Suppose they are engaged. Say that she is able to get a doctor's prescription for birth-control pills, and she is disciplined enough to use them regularly, day after day, month after month. Of course, the couple aches to express their love fully in the sex act. Is it all right? *Now* can they go ahead? Let me add this final consideration:

4. ***Christians seek to express responsible love.*** Behavior is not based upon private feelings alone, but considers also the rest of society and possible future consequences. If they decide to go ahead, how will both feel about it in the future? Will they be glad? Will they wish they had waited? What chance is there that guilt may later arise? Will they have the privacy and security necessary for the free expression of affection? Or will they meet furtively in cheap places, fearful of discovery? When is one sure that this is his partner for life? (Most students are in love six or eight times before graduation.) What does it prove if the couple is sexually compatible? (Many couples have increasingly satisfactory sexual relations right up to the date of their divorce; intercourse is no substitution for maturity, character, or agreement on fundamental issues.) Or what does it prove if the partner does not seem fully responsible before marriage? (For many couples, it takes months to achieve sexual adjustment. The risk of being tested and rejected may not enhance the experience.)

Yet how *is* the couple to handle frustration? Might a premature experience give rise to suspicion or distrust years later, when the couple hits rough spots in their marriage? If one's mate had sex outside marriage before, why not again, if it suits him? Does sex before marriage reduce the mystery and fascination without providing a compensating security and companionship? Is not the physical relationship but one element in the love uniting the couple, something to be taken neither too seriously nor too lightly?

Aren't there yet other meanings in sex and love: responsibility, loyalty, willingness to accept the consequences of anything, utter dependence, and self-giving? When is a couple ready to pledge themselves that much? Are these factors really present in the engagement? Is it possible to share fully in the joys of sex without deep commitment?

William Hamilton, in his book *Faith, Sex, and Love,* gives his answer in these words:

> The first sexual experience is so overwhelming and different from any other experience that it had better be preserved as a means of symbolizing and giving power and meaning to marriage. . . . I am bound in an indelible and permanent way to the first woman who shows me who I am and what it is to be a man. . . . One of the real ways a couple learns to trust one another, to come together, to forgive and to understand, is by sharing each other's sexual mistakes, fears, and hopes. Sexual innocence at first, gradually transformed by gentle experiments and experience—this is a forger of a unity that never lets the old loneliness return.

Is the marriage service just a formality? Or does the public expression of these ancient vows add a stability and a dimension that can be gained in no other way:

I take thee to be mine, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part . . .

None can afford to be self-righteous in these matters. Christians follow One who calls us to *an ideal of sacrificial and self-giving love,* One who blessed with his presence a wedding in Cana of Galilee. We always follow him imperfectly, whether married or single. And all of us need the continuing sense of God's guidance, and his forgiveness, as we attempt to become really loving and mature persons.

The final decisions are yours. But think about it. Choose wisely. □

THANKSGIVING

By RICHARD HUNTER

Illustration by
Robert Hodgell

BEHOLD, the preacher mounted his pulpit, and to him one hundred faces looked up. And they were as the sons of earth, 3 billion faces captured in one hundred. And the preacher placed a lozenge on his tongue, so that his voice became both sweet and oily. And smiling the smile of those who see but do not understand, he said, Let us give thanks. And one hundred voices murmured Amen. But there was not joy in that Amen.

Let us give thanks, said the preacher, for the wholeness of our bodies, for legs that walk and run, for ears that hear the song of the bird, for eyes that see beauty in flower, fruit, earth, and sky, for arms that envelop, and hands that hold.

And sadly, without a word, there arose blind men and deaf, men crippled and paralyzed, and those who had lost a limb, and, behold, 10 men made their way out of that church.

But the preacher continued and said, Let us give thanks for our health, for lungs breathing in soft air, for enjoyment of food and drink, for the firm tone of a skin that radiates soundness.

And there arose and departed those with TB, those with leprosy, those who knew no food but hot milk, and that taken with pain, and, behold, 10 more had left the congregation.

But the preacher continued his rhapsody and said, Let us give thanks for earthly benefits, the comforts of this world, the rivers of wealth that this fruitful world has bestowed upon us.

And there departed of the poor who had seen their children die of malnutrition and their parents of cold, 10 more.

But the preacher, his eyes raised in riveted contemplation of comfortable thoughts, saw none of this, and said, Let us give thanks for home and hearth, for the families in which we dwell.

And there departed out of the congregation, the dispossessed, the refugee, the old man from the welfare home, and the young girl who had disgraced the family name, in all 10 more.

And the preacher persisted and said, Let us give thanks for our friends.

And then from the congregation there arose forgotten men from lonely corners of large cities, the painfully shy who eat nightly in cheap restaurants alone, the isolated who dwell on farms five miles from a neighbor, and all who by their fellows are considered odd or of wrong race or background, and quietly there slipped away 10 more.

But the preacher, drawing from his lozenge comfort and unction, said, Let us give thanks for our beauty, surely no supernatural beauty, for we are humble men, but that which makes us graceful, gracious, and good to be with.

And Sally, who knew her chin receded, and George, whose eyes were crossed, and Frank, who was bald, and Louise, who had piano legs, and six more arose and departed that place.

Yet still the preacher spoke, Let us, he said, give thanks for our wonderful minds, through which we understand art and science, literature and history, and probe the mysteries of the universe.

And several people of average intelligence blushed, and a moron looked bewildered, and an imbecile stared blankly, but they all arose, 10 of them, and walked to the door.

But the preacher, without a glance downward, almost sang as he said, Let us give thanks for our virtues, for those virtues that make the path of life pleasant, as if bedecked by flowers.

And there were those who were tortured by bad tempers, wracked by jealousy, stabbed by envy, and made miserable by thwartings in their potency to love, and 10 more were no more part of that congregation. But the preacher spoke on, saying Let us give thanks for justice.

And a Jew from Cairo, an Arab from the Negev, a Negro from Mississippi, and all those deprived of recourse to law, medicine, and education, 10 in number, left.

But the preacher said, Let us give thanks for peace.

And there departed 10 more, victims of wars declared and undeclared.

And then the preacher looked out upon his congregation. And there was no one there.

And his lozenge had melted.

And there was no more sweetness or oiliness to his voice.

And he cried out, and his voice cracked, O Lord, my Lord, where have they gone?

And, behold, a voice spoke from heaven, a still, small voice, and it said, For that thou hast exalted what I have not promised, and since the heart of man knows easily the taste of bitterness, they have departed thy congregation.

When have I promised thee wholeness of body, health, or earthly comfort? When have I promised thee unbroken bonds with family or friends? When have I promised thee continued possession of beauty, intelligence, or virtue? When have I told thee that in this world man will always know justice and peace?

Remember my servant Job. Remember my Son Jesus. When have I promised an easy lot for the sons of men, even the Christian sons of men?

And the preacher cried out, Then, O Lord, what wilt thou give us?

And the voice replied, Myself.

And the preacher ran to the doorway of the church, and there, sitting in the shadows of its great pillars and lofty spires, mute and with eyes cast down, were the hundred in whose eyes could be seen the eyes of 3 billion.

And the preacher took out his box of lozenges and hurled them into outer darkness, and he cried with a cracked but human cry, O, my friends, I have deceived you. We may have health, we may have friends, we may have justice, but all we are sure of is God. Of old it was said by Job, Though he slay me, yet will I trust him. And later, in his dying, our Savior Jesus spoke to his Father and said, Into thy hands I commend my spirit. For this is all that is sure: that God gives to us himself. And this is all that counts.

And a blind man wept. And a friendless man grasped his neighbor's hand. And the Negro from Mississippi knew that his struggles were worthwhile. And they all came back inside.

Behold, the preacher mounted to his pulpit, and to him one hundred faces looked up. And the preacher said, Let us give thanks that God himself is with us, world without end.

And one hundred voices cried out, *Amen.*

And there was joy in heaven. □

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"I spend a great deal of time with children whose parents can't be here, with children who are upset," says Miss Faddis, shown during a regular Wednesday-afternoon story hour at the hospital.

Meet Jo Faddis:

She Brings Love to Hospitalized Children

In a great medical center, where facilities for virtually every kind of medical care are immediately available, one young woman fills a void to help pioneer a significant and unusual Christian ministry.

EACH YEAR the doors of Atlanta's Egleston Hospital swing open to admit nearly 5,000 desperately sick or injured children from Georgia and neighboring states. The tragic fact is that—despite one medical success story after another—some of the little patients are incurable and will never see their homes again.

No one is more aware of this sad statistic than a tall, graceful young woman who comes in each morning to make her rounds at Egleston. Her role there, if not unique, is an unusual one in a new field of Christian ministry.

It would never occur to a stranger that Jo Faddis—who is 27, and has blue eyes and light-brown hair—is a member of a chaplaincy team serving not only Egleston but nearby Emory University Hospital and Wesley Woods Health Center. Yet her work mostly is at Egleston, for this is where her heart is, and where the need for her ministry and training is greatest.

Long ago, Egleston Hospital recognized the importance of emo-

tional support for sick infants and children during lonely times of illness. The most important step was to involve parents as partners with the medical team, and it is routine to see a mother or father living with the child in his room.

But something vital was missing. Parents can't always be at the bedside of a sick child—and quite often, grieved beyond measure by the impending loss of a child, they also are in desperate need of emotional support.

Jo's mission of concern, therefore, involves the parent as well as the sick child.

Both children and parents seem to respond to her instantly. The smile that reveals beautiful teeth isn't mechanical, and the radiance that shines from Jo's eyes has nothing to do with their color. This attractive, Virginia-born woman, whose official title is "minister to children," brings friendship, compassion, and understanding to both bedside and hospital waiting room.

She has help, of course. For one thing, Egleston doesn't look like a hospital. It is a three-story, T-shaped, white building with green lawns and a flourishing flower garden.

Just the same, the 14-year-old boy dying from a crippling disease needs more than this. He is afraid to sleep for fear that he might not awaken—but he smiles and relaxes when Jo is near.

On down the hall is a seven-year-old girl who needs a friend. She is filled with hate and distrust because of the torment she has received from cruel parents.

In another room, Margaret, 15, is slowly dying and wants to know: "What's wrong with me?

"If I knew the name of my sickness," she tells Jo, "I would look it up in a medical book. Yet, I don't guess I really want to know because I'm afraid it might be bad . . . I wonder why Mother wanted me to see a faith healer if I just need blood transfusions."

Jo Faddis is there to share Margaret's loneliness, fears, and uncertainties. She is on hand when a 16-year-old girl, gravely ill with heart trouble, confides:

"I'm scared, Miss Faddis. Sometimes I wonder if I'm going to die;

To visit a little girl who is badly burned, Jo dons a surgical mask. A short time later, she is reading a story at the bedside of a tot temporarily blinded after a brain operation. However, she feels that teen-agers "live the loneliest existence of any when they feel something is wrong and there is no one to talk to them."

The patient at left, a boy severely injured when he was hit by a car, is unable to talk. Jo receives "yes" and "no" answers from the boy's hand signals. Above, she confers with Chaplain John Patton and a nurse.

my pains keep hurting so! I feel like I'm here, but my body is dying . . . It seems like the people I want to care the most don't care. I know my family cares, but I'm afraid that some of my closest friends don't. They haven't even come to see me."

A 15-year-old with leukemia is puzzled and disturbed.

"I keep asking questions, but I don't get any answers," he says.

What would you say? How would you answer? How would you feel?

The loss of a friend or loved one always is heartbreaking, but somehow it seems more tragic when death comes to one who barely has begun to live. Jo confesses that her own adjustment to the grim realities was not easy.

"When I was in clinical training, I found that I wanted to shy away from patients who were going to die," she says. "Then I learned that this was because of my own fear of death. I had to adjust to the fact of my own mortality, and to personal grief that was inevitable over the loss of children whom I had come to love.

"I learned that my own grief drained me of the strength which I needed to minister both to the sick child and his parents. But having faced up to this, I can care and can offer strength to parents or children without being overcome by my grief."

Here is a mother who has found her own identity in living for her dying child; now she is totally unable to handle her grief. Another mother says she resents people coming to see her son when they had no apparent interest in him when he was well. She dreads the time of the funeral when so many relatives will come and "have a party," as she describes it. A father whose son is dying becomes angry with his wife. He decides this is God's way of punishing the mother for leaving him for two weeks when the son was very small.

These are crisis situations that affect parents as well as their sick children. In the hospital cafeteria, Jo sits for an hour and a half, talking to the father of a boy dying with leukemia. She knows this man needs the emotional release of weeping—and he does weep as he talks about his son and the many things they did together.

While compassion and a friendly presence are important in such cases, Jo Faddis brings considerably more to her work: the training that started with graduate study at Presbyterian School of Christian Education, Richmond, Va. After that, she had a short course in hospital pastoral care at North Carolina Baptist Hospital, Winston-Salem; worked as director of Christian education at First Presbyterian Church, Columbus, Ga.; and then took a full year of clinical pastoral training at Grady Memorial Hospital, Atlanta.

The Rev. John Patton, director of the Emory chaplaincy, recognized the need for a woman of Jo's qualifications several years ago:

"I found that I was not reaching many of the children who are here over long periods of time and need somebody to see them every day. Volunteers can do this, but not consistently enough. Also, mothers who are staying with their children can sometimes talk more easily to a woman."

Chaplain Patton, who sought Jo's services at Egleston, says he is convinced "this is something that would be appropriate in settings other than a children's hospital. There is a place for a theologically trained woman as minister whether she's ordained or not, particularly when

Jo and Chaplain Patton invite the parents of hospitalized children to informal coffee hours—where, they have discovered, the parents sometimes are able to give one another the emotional support they need in their times of crisis.

"What more can I do for this little one?" Jo Faddis wonders, her face reflecting fatigue and concern as she notes the progress of a slow but fatal disease.

she has had training in interpersonal relationship as part of her theological education. Here, where we're offering a ministry to families, it is appropriate to have both a man and a woman ministering to them as religious leaders."

Since joining the Emory Chaplaincy, Jo has been studying at Candler School of Theology and expects to receive her bachelor of divinity degree later this year.

"We want the child to realize that the church cares, and that it has followed him into the hospital," says Chaplain Patton. "We have a church-school program here because this is the way that most children in this section of the country encounter the church. It also helps to identify Jo with the ministry. They may first think of her as a church-school teacher."

Although Egleston is in the complex of institutions around Methodist-related Emory University, and Mr. Patton is a member of the North Georgia Conference, the children's hospital is not connected with The Methodist Church. It was first built with money willed for that purpose by the late Thomas R. Egleston, Jr., a wealthy Atlanta businessman, and was named for his mother, Henrietta.

Mr. Egleston often had talked with his pastor, the rector of All Saint's Episcopal Church, about the fact that there was no hospital in the Southeast equipped to help a sick child. Children stayed home —to get well, or to die. Mr. Egleston left $100,000 to buy land and build a 50-bed hospital, with $12,500 a year set aside for its support. At the time (1916), this was the largest single benefaction for a nonsectarian charity in Atlanta. However, it was not until 1928 that a hospital, with 50 beds, opened.

As Atlanta grew, and as the need increased, the Henrietta Egleston Hospital for Children kept pace. Today it costs nearly $2 million a year to run the institution, and hundreds of children are alive because of it.

Jo Faddis knows this, too, and her smile is all the happier when a child is well enough to leave. Kathy, who is almost five, is one of these.

Jo walks to Kathy's bed, and takes the little girl's hand. Kathy, who has had a brain operation, is blind, perhaps only temporarily. She has wanted her mother with her all the time, but her parents can visit her only occasionally.

"Many times I come in and just sit and talk with her," says Jo. "Or I will read to her, and then she is no longer so lonely and upset."

Knowing just that, says Jo Faddis, is enough. —H. B. Teeter

With three budding scientists in the house, the living room becomes a rail yard, boats sail the bathtub. Not only that, a harried mother reports . . .

My Kitchen Runneth Over

By EMILY STOBBE

"IF ONLY I could get out of the kitchen for a change! But it's always cook the meals, wash the dishes, do the baking, scrub the sink . . . the floor . . . and the cupboards, clean the oven . . ."

So goes the familiar refrain.

Now I am not one to ask for work, but at our house it is different. Sometimes I wish I could just get *into* my kitchen. It has been claim-jumped by three teen-age sons whose scientific minds cannot fathom why mother needs the stove to make supper.

"But you should be glad your boys aren't hanging around the streets," I am told. Of course, I am glad. But must they hover over the stove instead?

Mike, the middle one, is melting lead. "I'm making ingots," he announces, as though he were handling gold bullion.

"But Mike," I protest, one eye on the clock, "I have to start dinner. I need the stove."

Unruffled, the future metallurgist explains: "Aluminum has a lower melting point than tin, Mom." He grasps a hot sardine can with a pair of pliers and pours molten metal into a sand mold which lies in a cigar box on the sink.

"That's nice," I say. Reading *does* broaden a child's education.

He continues: "The lead went right through the bottom of the dry soup can because it was aluminum . . ."

"My stove!" I yell, envisioning lumps of lead rising like stalagmites to tilt unwarily placed kettles. "Is all that lead frozen on my stove?"

"Not frozen, Mom, hardened," he corrects me. "But the slag all stayed on the sides of the can because it is lighter."

Feeling like Edison's mother, I phone for five Chinese dinners.

"But you should be glad your boys are at home with you instead of absorbing all the crime and violence at some third-rate movie," people say. My three are absorbed in the discovery that water runs counterclockwise down the drain.

"Fill the sink to the top," orders Jeff, the eldest. "We can check the direction of flow for a longer period of time."

"Not so fast!" complains Mike. "The splashing obscures the surface action."

"Why don't we fill both sides of the sink and see if the water from one affects the other?" suggests Bill, the youngest. His Madison Avenue approach to most situations usually results in the finest mishmash.

Three sets of eyes peer at the disappearing H_2O.

"The water's too clear for a real test. How about adding food coloring?"

When I finally regain possession of my sink, one side is decorated with beautiful concentric circles of blue; the other side has red.

But the war is not over when I establish a beachhead. Ours is a corner sink, which concentrates all activity on an 18 by 30-inch floor mat. When size nine shoes move up and occupy three fourths of the mat, and long, rangy arms spread out to the faucet, what chance has a mere mother?

And what are they using the water for? Filling balloons! Or reactivating those empty plastic squeeze bottles! Then, of course, Jeff always wants cold water for mixing glue just when I am rinsing the dishes with hot water.

When I leave the sink, Bill seizes the spray to chase one soggy green pea around the sink until it falls exhausted into the garbage-disposal. Dripping draperies, water-dotted window, and a sloshy sink attest to the fact that Bill was here.

"But you should be glad your boys aren't wearing those black-leather jackets and hot-rodding around town," people say. Our boys are hot-railroading in our living room, instead.

The model locomotive streaks down the HO tracks from atop the sofa (mountains) to the rug (valley), then under the table (tunnel) and around the footstool (city), crisscrossing the center of the floor (freight yard). The only way to get through is to walk on tiptoes, but even this balancing act is not recommended because telephone lines, loading platforms, and sidings dot the way.

Besides, there is no place to sit once you have arrived. You would rock on the Rock Island caboose or squash the silver mine in the easy chair. Books may pave the way to learning; at our house piles of them are perfect for building grades of another kind.

There are times when I almost wish the boys were harassing somebody else. Like when I want to relax in a fragrant bath and find a model sailboat in the tub.

"I have to see how she floats." Jeff's eyes shine with victory as he tests his balsa-wood effort for buoyancy and balance. But then: "The metacenter is too low," he muses thoughtfully, walking the dripping *Flying Dutchman* to and fro as if to comfort it, a line of water on the carpet marking the trail.

"You should be glad to know where your boys are all the time," people tell me. I know too well where they are. They are bottling up my kitchen so I cannot get my foot into it.

Last week I rushed home from shopping, planning to whip up a Lazy Daisy cake for that night. Usually when time is short, I dash straight into the kitchen, turn on the oven, then take off my coat and start mixing. But this evening as I got out of the car I could see through the kitchen window that Mike was moving between stove and sink. Knowing I would not have time to clear him out and get a cake going, I flung open the kitchen door. The stove was clean and hope returned, momentarily, until my glance moved toward the oven. It was hot.

"Mike, are you baking marbles again?"

"No, Mom, I'm baking a cake for supper."

There was spilled flour where the measuring cup had run over, and burned chocolate lined a pan, but a cake was rising in the oven as the sun rises in the heavens. And from the living room Jeff and Bill yelled: "How soon can we start the frosting?"

Sugar crunched under my feet as I retreated. My kitchen runneth over with boys, and I am glad. □

"Not frozen, Mom, hardened . . . But the slag all stayed on the sides of the can because it is lighter."

Over the centuries, Christian pacifists have been an influential minority. But how do their ideals stand up today in the harsh light of nuclear and political realities? Where do pacifists disagree among themselves? What have they contributed? Here is a frank assessment by a nationally known writer on Christian social ethics, not himself a pacifist.

PACIFISM: New Look at an Old Subject

By *JOHN C. BENNETT*
President, Union Theological Seminary, New York City
Chairman, **Christianity and Crisis**

THERE always has been a pacifist tradition in the Christian church.

In the centuries before Emperor Constantine, there were widespread Christian objections to military service. These were in part the result of the connection of the army with the worship of the emperor, but there also was a strong sense of the conflict between participation in war and Christian love.

After the acceptance of Christianity as the Roman Empire's religion, however, this original Christian pacifism gave way to a tendency of the church to support the wars in which the state became involved. This support was qualified in principle by the concept of the "just war," which St. Augustine developed and which came to dominate the thinking of the Roman Catholic Church. This involved a moral limitation of the wars that could receive Christian sanction, and of the means used in war.

How far this "just war" theory really influenced the decisions of Christian statesmen is difficult to say. That it had little effect in causing churches to withhold their support of states in war is only too apparent. It did, to some extent, help regulate the conduct of war, but even this moral limitation of the use of weapons and the choice of targets tended to disappear with the growth of the technology of weapons and the enlistment of a large part of the population of the nation in the war effort. Total war between nations separated by moral and ideological chasms was beyond regulation, as we learned to our sorrow in World War II.

A Minority View

Today, the pacifist minority is small in the great churches. However, its convictions have a strong basis in the teachings of Jesus. Those who support the use of military force have the sayings about nonresistance in the Gospels to explain or explain away. Also, any radical understanding of love as taught in the New Testament raises serious questions concerning all participation by Christians in the wars of their nations.

However, there was in the New Testament another tendency, most clearly expressed in Romans 13, which stressed both the providential role of the sword in maintaining order and the obligation of Christians to obey political authorities.

Moreover, Christians had become the vast majority in European nations, and it could hardly be expected that they would become conscientious objectors en masse to the will of their governments. Christian pacifism became very difficult, though there always was in the monastic orders an escape for those who sought to avoid personal participation in the bloodshed of war.

In a sinful world where many nations have military power, and when there also is always a threat of violence in civil conflict, a strong moral case can be made for military resistance to external aggression, and an even stronger case for the use of force to maintain order within a nation. Martin Luther vividly defended the Christian obligation to use force to defend the innocent against violence. I think that he often became too exuberant in his defense of force, especially when he encouraged the princes to smite and slay the rebellious peasants. His main point, however—that Christian love may require the use of military force to defend some neighbors against others—has been the dominant position in most Christian traditions.

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Absolute Pacifism

We are most familiar today with the movements of absolute pacifism in Protestantism that are associated with such groups as the Quakers, the Mennonites, and the Church of the Brethren. All renounce the use of military force. But absolute pacifists do not agree about where to stop in the use of coercion.

Professor Guy Hershberger, a leading Mennonite theologian, says that "most American Mennonites have taken their stand somewhere between spanking and the police force. Many Quakers have taken theirs at a point between the police and the military." The latter, he points out, have difficulty in deciding whether they can participate in an international peace force using military personnel and equipment.

The Mennonites traditionally have avoided all political involvement and seek to live in small, detached communities which are governed by their own spirit and ethos. In an interdependent society, it is difficult to find space for such communities that can separate themselves from the guilt of the whole.

The Quakers emphasize personal conscientious objection to war and withdrawal from the military side of government, but they encourage participation in most of the affairs of the nation. In their service, they seek in countless ways to be a healing and reconciling agent in the midst of conflict situations. Mennonites now have similar programs. Indeed, they have taken the major initiative in the relief and service projects sponsored by the U.S. churches in South Viet Nam.

There is a great difference between these two types of pacifists. One group engages in direct political action to support a foreign policy emphasizing the reduction of tensions, disarmament, and multilateral procedures; the other seeks to witness by word and deed for Christian love and against wars, but does not support or claim to have any specific political policy.

Contemporary Variations

In some countries, perhaps most in the Anglo-Saxon countries, there developed a very strong but somewhat amorphous pacifist tendency that does not rest on an absolute rejection of all use of military force but rather on the character of modern war. This became the most characteristic form of pacifism between the First and the Second World Wars. It was quite strong in many of the larger Protestant denominations in this country. It often merged in the minds of individuals with influences from the more absolutistic type of pacifism. Indeed, such movements as the Fellowship of Reconciliation represent a blend of the two types.

The war against Hitler provided a setback for this more pragmatic type of pacifism, for only absolute pacifists could reject the argument that allowing Hitler's totalitarianism to spread was worse than participation in war against it.

The development of nuclear weapons has given a new appeal to the pacifism based on the nature of modern war. Nuclear pacifists are a small minority in the churches of this country, but they are a considerable minority in the churches of Great Britain, West Germany, Holland, and Japan.

So long as it can be argued that nuclear war may be prevented for a long time by the balance of terror, the case for nuclear pacifism will be unclear even among those who would have to admit that there can be no greater evil than a large-scale nuclear war. But I believe that the case for nuclear deterrence as a way of preventing the war in which nuclear weapons may be used is becoming less convincing as the number of nuclear powers increases. Also, the dangers become greater of stumbling into nuclear war by way of escalation. These developments probably will spur an increase of nuclear pacifism.

Moreover, as the ideological conflict between communist and noncommunist nations loses its absolutism (as is already the case between the United States and the communist nations of Europe), more people will question whether there is any issue for which one should risk annihilation. When the risk on the other side seemed to be permanent Stalinist slavery, one could say that it might be better to be "dead than red." But it is absurd to say this now, as many communist societies change and become more humane and open-ended. And it is immoral, as well as absurd, to act in such a way as to expose other nations and future generations to the risk of annihilation when they have no chance to make the choice.

The logic of what I am saying may seem to point inescapably to a nuclear pacifism position. My own problem is not so easily solved, for I do not think that unilateral nuclear disarmament today would prevent nuclear war; instead, it might create such great international instability that the occasions for war would increase. While I do not believe that we can live forever with the nuclear deterrent, I cannot renounce it now and embrace nuclear pacifism.

I realize the great difficulties in my position, and I believe that those of us who are not nuclear pacifists should feel driven to seek alternatives that do not yet exist. (I deal with these issues at length in my recent book, *Foreign Policy in Christian Perspective.*)

Catholics and 'Just War'

One of the most significant developments in the history of pacifism is the change now taking place within Catholicism. The Roman Catholic Church has long taught that some wars are just, and that it is the duty of the Christian to support his country in a just war. But the weaponry of modern war, its terrible misuse during the Second World War, and the threat of nuclear annihilation have caused many Roman Catholics to conclude that no modern war can be just.

The Second Vatican Council did not support nuclear pacifism; it walked a tightrope on this issue. But the debates in the council, as well as the text of its final statement, moved close enough to nuclear pacifism to give encouragement to this position. Pope John XXIII, in his encyclical *Pacem in Terris,* had said that "it is hardly possible to imagine that in the atomic era war could be used as an instrument of justice."

The council did ask states to make legal provision for conscientious objectors, "provided that they accept some other form of service to the human community." This

must refer generally to the conscientious objectors whose position is based upon the nature of modern war rather than on absolute pacifism, for that has no standing in Catholic teaching. Such a statement will greatly encourage the growth of this type of pacifism among Roman Catholics.

In this country, many of the most outspoken conscientious objectors, including some of the draft-card burners, have been Roman Catholics. Contrary to a popular impression, some of the draft-card burners are men of the highest quality who have been influenced by Dorothy Day's "Catholic Worker" movement. Belief in the immorality and absurdity of nuclear war has merged with the rejection of the nonnuclear war in Viet Nam on the grounds that this particular conflict is immoral and politically self-defeating. All this has created a climate that is very favorable to a pacifism based on the nature of modern war—a position particularly evident among the younger generation of Americans.

I do not suggest that this has become an altogether consistent or stable pacifist position. The tendency in much recent ethical thinking to be governed by the particular context or situation in which we must act, rather than by absolute laws, may prevent this position from becoming a new absolutism that would be impervious to the changing situations. But this kind of thinking is likely to continue to be very strong, and to influence the thought of many who do not fully agree.

Conscientious Objectors

One special problem is the need to enlarge the legal basis for conscientious objection. Today only those who oppose all wars because of *religious* convictions can qualify legally as conscientious objectors. If they answer "yes" to the question of whether or not they would have fought against Hitler, they have no standing as conscientious objectors against the war in Viet Nam. If they cannot honestly use the word "religion," broadened as it has been by a recent action of the U.S. Supreme Court, to describe the basis of their convictions on war, they have no standing before the law.

The case of Pvt. Adam R. Weber, Jr., who was sentenced by a military court to a year's imprisonment because he refused to accept a rifle in South Viet Nam, is likely to be repeated many times. He was drafted because he could not honestly give a religious basis for his position. He wanted to remain in the army "in the Medical Corps or some job involved in saving lives rather than in taking them."

New ways must be found to protect the consciences of those who find that participation in the killing in Viet Nam is incompatible with their deepest convictions and commitments, and also to protect the nation from having to keep many of our most morally sensitive younger citizens in jail.

Absolute pacifism can hardly be a self-sufficient position for a nation or for those directly responsible for foreign policy or national security. Indeed, there are no pacifist nations. India was for a time after her independence, near-pacifist in philosophy. But her pacifism, which never was consistent, has not survived the Chinese invasion and the war with Pakistan. Yet the new realities which have stimulated the recent forms of pacifism are realities for all nations and governments. Pacifism as an ingredient in public opinion will be a restraining force.

One of the most telling criticisms of pacifists has been based upon the tendency of many of them to assume a self-righteous stance, thinking that their choices enable them to escape from the guilt of history. Those pacifists who recognize the reality of moral dilemmas faced by both pacifists and nonpacifists are able to work with nonpacifists for many of the same goals.

The fact that pacifism is not permitted to be a public force in the communist countries creates dilemmas which pacifists in the United States should recognize.

Pacifism's Contribution

As one who is not a pacifist, I believe that today many American pacifists are performing a great service in helping to break down the psychology of the cold war. They are among the few organized groups in this country free enough from the cold war consensus—formed in the early 1950s—to be able to pioneer in criticizing frozen positions on our side of the conflict. Nonpacifists join them in this as they see changes taking place in the Soviet Union and in the countries of eastern Europe.

Again, let me say that I do not believe pacifist convictions are a self-sufficient basis for making policy in a world of competing powers which threaten one another in varying degrees. But all of us, I feel, should be thankful for the contribution pacifists are making today in their criticism of assumptions which it is unpopular to criticize, and by their many initiatives in establishing relations between people who have long been separated by the cold war. □

PRAYER FOR PEACE

By Rolland W. Schloerb

O God, whose will is life and peace
For all the sons of men,
Let not our human hates release
The sword's dread power again,
Forgive our narrowness of mind;
Destroy false pride, we plead:
Deliver us and all mankind
From selfishness and greed.

O God, whose ways shall lead the peace,
Enlighten us, we pray;
Dispel our darkness and increase
The light along our way.
Illumine those who lead the lands
That they may make at length
The laws of right to guide the hands
That wield the nations' strength.

O God, who callest us to peace,
We join with everyone
Who does his part that wars may cease
And justice may be done.
Enable us to take the way
The Prince of Peace hath trod;
Create the will to build each day
The family of God.

All photographs by George P. Miller

The Search for Meaning

For most of us, life is a blur, a seemingly incomprehensible mystery. Yet sooner or later, each confronts the question: What does it mean? This is profoundly threatening, for ultimately it confronts us with our self, our humanness, our limitations. Some wrestle with it for a lifetime; others try to bury it. But just being alive forces each of us to interpret life, to act on the basis of some guess, some gamble, about what life is for and where we fit in. Our deepest craving is for a reason, some sense of equilibrium, as we are buffeted by life. So the question is not whether we have a religion—for all men do—but rather, *What kind?* Is it idolatry, allegiance to false gods? Does it separate us from others? Does it force us to be honest with ourselves? Does it explain only a fragment of life, not the whole? Are we straining to be happy with an illusion?

A signboard can divert attention from beauty or ugliness, but it cannot eliminate the reality of that which exists behind it. The question is, which do we choose to see: only the pleasurable, or the whole—including the unappetizing debris?

The Veneer

How do you explain it? Some days are just great:
We are *alive!* And some are shattering: What's the use
of living? But let's not dwell on that. Maybe we
can avoid the unpleasantness if we focus on the fun things.
Don't raise the big question; crowd it out with the
superficial, the noise, and the motion. Rush on; don't stop.
Live for yourself, today; forget anything else.
But wait a minute: Where is the meaning? Even with our
frenzied acceleration, we can't escape that which
pushes up incessantly from behind and beneath and within.
The veneer cracks, wears thin; we see it only covers
the greater part. That which we can know too well,
that which we can totally consume, is suddenly insipid.
We know there is much more to life than this.

If you can't face life as it is—threatening, bewildering, humiliating, painful—then draw the drapes and click to the channel of your choice. It's not the real thing, but it's predictable.

Noise, motion, action, kicks—they can be a way of life.
But they aren't life; only a fragment of it, a patch of veneer.
They aren't the loneliness, the ambivalence, the quiet joy.
Ah, but maybe if we go-go-go, chase the action, keep moving,
have lots of fun, we can make it. Just don't stop.

Here is where a man has to make it: on the job. But to make it big, you've got to put the company first. Get that contract no matter what it takes; let your wife warm up something when you get home. Funny thing, though: When the retirement party is over, you are bitter about the emptiness. Your job was your life!

Tribal Religion

He knows his purpose in life: hate. It's all so clear that way; it's a religion. Maybe the robe and the mask help him hide from the world, from love, from himself.

The uniform, the battle, "My country, right or wrong" —for some, it is a way of life. But the enemy is human, too. Here is nationalism's flaw: it is tribal, not universal.

We all worship something, and what we worship conditions our lives. But our instinctive eagerness to commit our lives to *something* is dangerous; there is too much from which to choose. Is commitment the answer to meaning? If the dark gaps remain, our commitment is too narrow; it is not to *all* of life. Commitment is part of the answer, but the greater part is: *To what? To whom?* What we strain to find is that commitment which will ease the pain and celebrate the joy of life, give assurance in the face of anxiety and uncertainty we cannot avoid, and prepare us for relationships without which we are alone and lost in the midst of life.

Relationship

None of us lives alone; we are among others. And it is this fact—that we live in conscious relationship—that makes human life more than physiological; more than breathing, or circulating blood, or reproducing. These are only the conditions of life. Meaning begins with others, with sharing and loving. Only through these living relationships can we begin to perceive the mystery of being, which is dimly apparent through all this but which infinitely transcends it. Jesus was a man for others; perhaps this is the best definition of his divinity. For love conquers all, transcends all, explains all; it is the first and greatest commandment, the law of life.

The city seems gross, cold, frightening. But driving the vehicles whose lights make the cross are people—in relationship.

They walk only with help, and help is there, freely given. In every life there is pain and suffering, but we learn it can be borne if we are not alone.

Friendship, sharing, being with another—if a human being has little else but these, it is enough. Yet even when love is experienced every hour of a life, its mystery and power remain ever new.

Sad, isn't it, how we rush past our fellowmen, straining not to notice? Who suffers the most: we, who need to give of ourselves; or they, who need that which we can give? The irony is that there is nothing to lose; both gain.

Is the mark of a life a grave, no more? Death is a part of life; neither exists without the other. But there is more to it than "Men are born, they suffer, they die; that is all." There is profound meaning in the simple fact that we are given the gift of life. But how have we used it? In resignation to death? Without hope and dreams and wonder? Then that *is* all. There is another way. Commit your life to that meaning which cannot be proved, but which you will prove with your life. Accept life on its own terms, live it openly, honestly, freely. Trust in the good which is not yours but which yet is a part of you. Care about life, about your humanity, about others. These are the marks of a living faith—not faith in faith, not sterile ideals and static morals and incestuous self-worship. And this is how the meaning of life is revealed to each of us—as we live on the premise that there is meaning. No two men will describe this meaning in the same way, for it is an individual thing. But if there is one constant, one guide, it is the example of Jesus Christ. His life and death attest that there is meaning for each of us—if only we open ourselves to it.

In an inner-city mission involving two churches, a volunteer gives her Wednesdays—and her heart—to a Head Start project which predates the government programs. What deprived youngsters need most, she finds, is a hug and a kind word.

You Don't Get Beat for Too Much Sugar

By MARTHA WHITMORE HICKMAN

"I LIKE you." "I don't like you." "Give me your hand."

Ellen and I are standing in the schoolroom. Ellen is four. She hits my hand playfully and she watches my face. I smile at her so she will know it doesn't hurt me at all.

Eric and I are sitting at the small table in the housekeeping corner and we are "having tea" in tall glasses made from scouring powder cans. Eric tells me it is iced tea. We pretend to put sugar in our glasses.

I say, for small talk, "One of my boys puts so much sugar in his tea —he puts it in up to here," indicating a place part way up the glass.

Eric looks at me, his dark eyes wide. "He get a beatin'," he says, solemnly.

For sugar? "No," I say to him.

A visiting little sister is hit by another child, and she is crying. David rushes to her before one of us teachers can get there. David understands about pain and isolation. He wears a brace on a deformed left leg. Sometimes he, too, hits children.

But this time he goes to Marie as she sits, wailing, on the stool. He puts his arms around her head, protectively—not her neck, but, awkwardly, around her head—and says some words to her I do not hear. It is not my business to hear —it is his, to help her.

Later I say to him, "That was very kind of you, David, to help her feel better." He looks at me matter-of-factly as if to say: What else would I do?

This is a Wednesday morning in a preschool Head Start program, operated by the Southeast Erie Methodist Mission in Erie, Pa. It helps prepare children of deprived families for public kindergarten.

The program is similar to the many federal Head Start schools across the nation, but it anticipated Head Start by a couple of years. (When federal funds became available under the national antipoverty program, the mission applied for and received help; now it operates a second Head Start school a few miles away.)

The children are from an impoverished section of Erie and this is an interracial school. About half of the children are Negro, the others are white. The staff is racially mixed, too.

I have been coming here now for several weeks, one morning a week, as a volunteer helper. In one sense they do not need me here—Mrs. Edna Drew and her assistants are excellent teachers and run a fine school. But for the children I am an extra adult, another someone to give warmth and acceptance, to share the fun of pulling on and shucking boots, to tell about a new toy or a baby brother's walking; someone else to show that authority can be firm yet kind.

The school meets in the large sunny rooms on the first floor of Wayne Street Methodist Church. In one corner of the main room, children play with dolls, beds, cupboards, a table and chairs, an ironing board. In another corner, others climb up the ladder and whiz down the slide. At other spots around the room, children are playing with a fleet of trucks and looking at the pictures in books.

The Rev. Thomas Funk appears. He is the new director of the Southeast Erie Methodist Mission, which operates the school, and the pastor of Henderson Methodist Church, one of the mission's two member-churches.

In addition to the preschool and Sunday services, the mission sponsors Scout groups; athletic, hobby, and health classes for boys and girls after school are offered; and evening health and craft classes are held for adults. In collaboration with Wesley Foundation of nearby Edinboro (Pa.) State College, the mission also operates a homework help project. Students from the college come to give tutorial help to some of the mission's children after school. Many of these activities were begun under the leadership of the Rev. Melvin Pritts, who

Youngsters in the two Erie Head Start schools learn many things in preparing for kindergarten. Girls at left wash up for a midmorning snack; a beaming boy compares watches with Director Thomas Funk; and a young artist (right) tries her skill with crayons.

was director here until last June and now is pastor of Mars (Pa.) Methodist Church.

The word spreads quickly among the children that Mr. Funk is here. "Hi, Reverend Funk!" they call out. He goes around with a word and a hug for each one. He has lived among these people for only a few months, but he knows that their physical contacts with adults are often harsh and violent, born of tiredness and frustration and lacking knowledge of a better way. After a bit of attention for each child, he chats with Mrs. Drew for a few minutes before departing.

Mrs. Drew plays a few measures on the piano and the children gather around. We have a flag salute. Some of the children don't know which is their right hand. "This hand?" they ask. "No, the other hand, Susie. That's better."

We sing *America* and some of the phrases take on a special meaning. "Sweet land of liberty . . ." (Will it be, for them?) "Long may our land be bright with freedom's holy light," we sing.

Now come pictures and counting practice. We sit on the rug in front of Mrs. Drew. The children around me want to sit on my lap. I can't hold five or six. "First a hug, then on the rug," I say gently to each of them. "Let's watch Mrs. Drew."

Robin sits on the rug beside me, but the whole being of his four-year-old body leans toward me, pressing along my arm, his head against the sharp point of my elbow. I put my arm around him as we count from the pictures Mrs. Drew is holding: "Three airplanes —one, two, three."

"How many kites?"

"Six," they say.

"Let's count them," she says, and leads them: "One, two, three, four, five, six." I am counting, but my attention really is focused on Robin, willing for him some extra love and security, just for this five minutes.

Mrs. Drew is calling the roll, each child by his first and last name. She encourages each to answer "Here I am" as his name is called.

"Raymond Baxter?" she says. A dark-eyed boy looks up.

"Raymond," Mrs. Drew says, "can you say, 'Here I am'?"

Raymond hesitates. Then he says, shyly, "Here I am."

"Thank you, Raymond," she says. Here he is. He is Raymond Baxter. He has a name. He is a person with a name. He has been addressed by his full name by a kind voice—perhaps for the first time.

We go to the tables, for milk and crackers. One of the children isn't finishing her milk. "This milk doesn't taste good," she says.

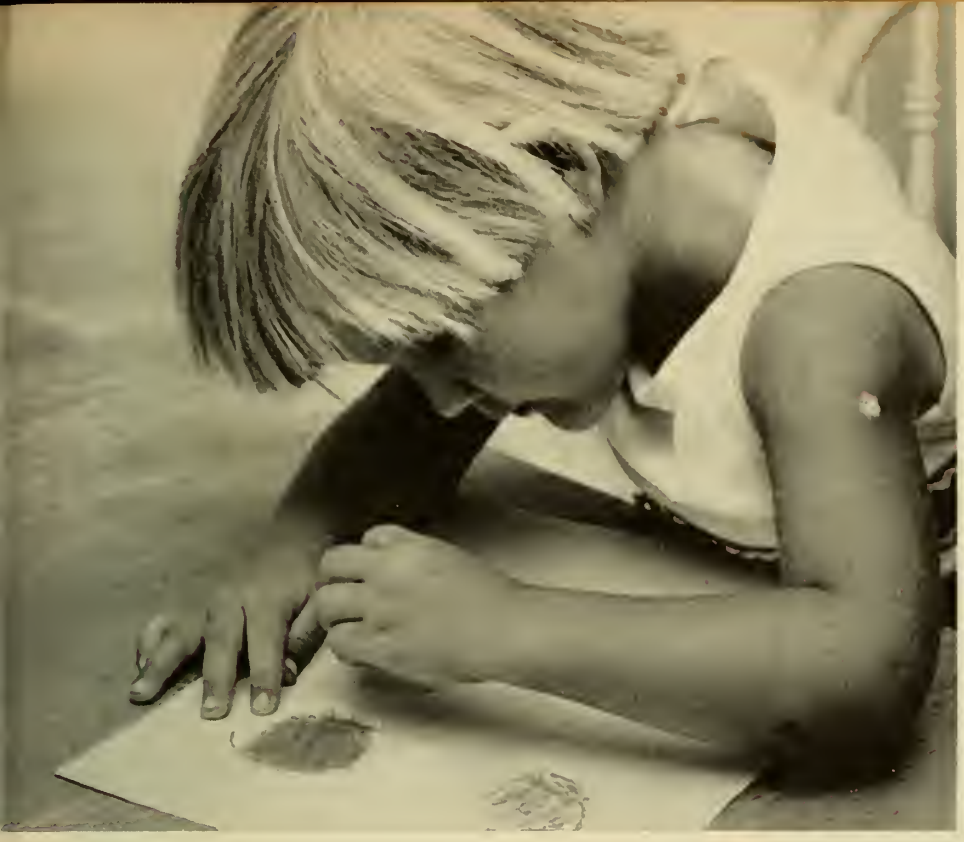
"I'll drink it!" They all want it. I try to explain that we don't drink from a glass someone else has used. They are not persuaded. I look at them and my words ring hollow even to me.

A child has spilled her milk and she cries, quietly. "It's all right," I say, wiping it up. "It was an accident." She has a scar on her cheek and her tears run down its groove to her chin. I get her more milk. She still does not speak. What happens when she spills milk at home?

While the children are playing I talk with Mrs. Drew about the school's beginnings.

"We started in April of 1963," she says. "We had 25 children. Now, with our two schools and our two sessions a day, we have over a hundred.

"Since we've had government Head Start funds, we've had a social caseworker—to recruit the children, talk with the families, and tell them what the school is trying to do. When we first started out, we did all that ourselves. We went from house to house, one of



us doing the driving, until we found the children to come. And we've always sent the bus around to pick them up and take them home."

I ask her how the school was supported in its earlier days, and she tells me that the National Division of the Methodist Board of Missions, the Western Pennsylvania Conference, and local Methodist churches all contributed.

Since last April, when federal antipoverty funds became available, the preschool staff has grown to include a co-ordinator, two head teachers, three aides, a social worker, and two bus drivers.

"And later on," Mrs. Drew says, "we plan to have a hot breakfast for the morning children—some of them come without any breakfast, you know—and a hot lunch for the afternoon children."

One of the children comes up to Mrs. Drew.

"You saw my mother last night," he says, and he is proud.

"Yes, I did. And I saw April's mother and Pamela's mother and Henri's mother."

There had been a parents meeting the night before. Mrs. Drew tells me of her conversation with the mother of one troubled boy.

"There are three at home younger than he is. I told his mother, 'You have to remember he's only four. He's not much more than a baby himself. He needs attention, too.'"

Are the parents meetings well attended? Mrs. Drew says that they are, though mothers come more often than fathers.

One morning a psychologist is there, testing some of the children to see if they will be ready for public kindergarten. She is a Methodist and recently retired as a psychologist for the Erie school system. Another morning a doctor is there to give the children physical examinations. Some of the children are afraid of a strange doctor and he talks reassuringly to them, chatting softly as he examines their ears, their throats, and listens to their chests.

I sit at the desk beside the doctor's chair, checking off the items on the form as the doctor reports: "Ears, good. Throat, good. This child has a slight heart murmur which should be investigated." I know this child has several brothers and sisters, and I think of how hard it may be for his parents to get clinical tests for him. Perhaps the mission will help.

One day we are going to cut with scissors. Mrs. Drew and the other teachers and I pass out a pair of scissors and a page from a magazine for each child. Some of them are skillful, cutting along the line sharply, the paper neatly falling away. Others hold the scissors awkwardly so that the paper lies between the blades and doesn't cut, or cuts with a crumpled, jagged edge.

I help guide Laura's hands to a more efficient use of the scissors. She tries while I am there, but when I move on to the next child, she goes back to her old hand position.

"Try it the other way again, Laura," I say, and she tries. It is slow, hard work.

I look around me—at the teachers, and at the children themselves, cutting away with the scissors and chatting with their neighbors. I think what it must mean to them to be in this place of security and learning five mornings a week. And I wish my own children had the same easy sense of the irrelevance of skin color that is part of these children's daily assumptions about life.

It is getting late in the morning, and time for me to go home. My own children will be coming home for lunch. Morning school here will soon be over and the bus will take these children home. Then another group will come for afternoon school.

I go toward the door, my coat on my arm. Randall comes hurrying to meet me.

"Don't go home," he says.

"I have to go," I say. "My boys and girl will be coming home for their lunch. I'll come back to help you next week."

"When you coming back?" he asks.

"I'll be back Wednesday."

"We don't have school Wednesday," he says. He is stalling.

"Oh, sure you do," I say. "I'll be back Wednesday."

"You come back Wednesday," he says. He nods. I may go.

Yes, I'll be back Wednesday. For the privileged classes in America—and most of us *are* privileged—it is sometimes hard to know where to catch hold and help. For me, this is a good place. □

UNUSUAL Methodists

CHAPLAINS CONNETT AND CONNETT
They set a Methodist 'first.'

SHORTLY AFTER Methodists celebrated the bicentennial of their church in Baltimore, Md., this year, another sort of history for the denomination was being made in the office of the chief of chaplains, Department of the Army, Washington, D.C. Chaplain (1st Lt.) Reynold B. Connett was sworn into active service by his father—Chaplain (Lt. Col.) James A. Connett. Army records show this to be the first time that a Methodist father and son have been on active duty as chaplains at the same time.

The younger Connett is a graduate of the University of Maryland and Wesley Theological Seminary, Washington, D.C., and was assistant pastor of Foundry Methodist Church, Washington, D.C., before entering the chaplaincy. His first assignment is at the U.S. Army Infantry Center, Fort Benning, Ga.

The elder Connett has had 18 years of active army duty. A graduate of McKendree College, Lebanon, Ill., he first served as a chaplain from 1943 to 1946 and returned to army service in 1951. He is now post chaplain at Fort Myer, Va. Further retracing his father's footsteps, the young chaplain is taking airborne training. His father is a senior parachutist. □

CARL MATHISEN
His pets repaid a debt.

FOR MOST PEOPLE, the proverbial 10-foot pole is much too short for use in dealing with one of the small, black and white animals whose name is synonymous with evil smells. But skunks, says Carl Mathisen of Blythe, Calif., have been wrongly maligned. They actually are gentle, friendly little animals who use their unique defense mechanism only when in extreme danger. Mr. Mathisen should know. For 20 years he has lived with and trained dozens of skunks, presenting them to thousands of interested but wary spectators in what he believes is the world's only skunk circus. Not one of the performers has been descented. Most are so tame they can be handled by strangers.

Mr. Mathisen started his circus for a compelling reason. As a child, one of his sons was a victim of polio and was restored to health through care sponsored by the National Foundation. To repay this debt, Mr. Mathisen conceived the idea of the circus, took his pets "on the road," and has collected thousands of dollars for the March of Dimes. □

EDWARD M. LINDSEY

He's the world's No. 1 Lion.

UNTIL NEXT JULY, hometown friends around Lawrenceburg, Tenn., will see rather little of Edward M. Lindsey. But as president of the International Association of Lions Clubs, he will be making new friends around the world, including many of the 800,000 club members in 133 nations. A November-December trip, for instance, is taking him to Japan, Formosa, Hong Kong, Viet Nam, Thailand, India, Pakistan, Iran, Lebanon, Jordan, Israel, and Greece. Earlier he was in western Europe.

Intensely proud of the community services which Lions perform, Mr. Lindsey recalls an experience in South America early this year: "Girardot (Colombia) is an isolated city of 50,000. It is a primitive place with unpaved streets. But the Lions Club there raises $48,000 a year to support a school for 250 homeless boys." (The warm welcome he received from the boys is pictured above.)

The world's number one Lion, whose Lawrenceburg firm makes church and institutional furniture, says, "Most people think of us as a group of men who meet every Wednesday and decide to help 'old Mrs. Jones.' But men are no longer satisfied to get together and sing *The Star Spangled Banner* and hear a report on the popcorn sale. They want to uplift the general good of the community." □

GAYLE YOUNG

Her butterfly stroke is tops.

NOW 15, GAYLE YOUNG has been a swimmer for two thirds of her life; and since entering competition in the sport at 9, she has accumulated an impressive array of awards: 370 medals, 150 ribbons, and 32 trophies—at latest count. Expert in several swimming styles, the Minneapolis mermaid has set her best records using the butterfly stroke. For four years she qualified in National Amateur Athletic Union records as one of the nation's top five women swimmers in this stroke. Once, vacationing in the West, Gayle plunged into a Utah swim meet and won a trophy. She was its outstanding competitor.

Affinity for water sports runs in the Young family. Swimming along in his sister's wake, Gayle's brother Raymond, 13, holds 52 medals, 50 ribbons, 8 trophies, and a Minnesota backstroke record. □

St. Augustine:

On Faith and Knowledge

THE BEGINNING of a good life deserving of eternal life is righteous faith. Faith is a belief in what you do not yet see, and the reward of faith is to see what you believe.

Let us not be found wanting, neither at the time of faith nor at the time of sowing; let us not be found wanting at any time before the end. Let us rather persevere until we harvest that which we have sowed. Even when mankind had turned away from God and was cowering in its transgressions, we had life from our Creator and rebirth from our Savior. It is a just God who condemns man and a merciful God who frees man.

The God of Israel is he who will give power and strength to his people. But only the believers accept him, while the scorners do not.

No one should boast of his faith, as though he were endowed with some special power. Faith is not something to be despised, for it is a gift of the greatest importance. If you have it, you have received it as a gift. *What hast thou that thou hast not received?* See to it, my beloved ones, that you render thanks to the Lord God, lest in some gift of his you be ungrateful and in this ingratitude you lose that which you have received.

I can in no way give an adequate account of the proper praise of faith, but the faithful can at least reflect upon it. Moreover, even if one can think upon faith in accordance with its worth, who can grasp how much it is to be preferred to all the other gifts of God? If we should acknowledge the lesser gifts of God, how much more should we acknowledge that one thing which surpasses all of these gifts?

That we exist we must acknowledge as coming from God. Indeed, from whom do we have our existence, if not from God? Whence come rocks and wood, if not from God? How do we surpass the rocks and the wood? They do not have life, while we do. And yet we have life in common with trees and shrubs. Vines, too, are said to live. Were this not the case, it would not be written: *He destroyed their vineyard with hail.* It lives as long as it has growth, and then it dries up when it dies. But life of this sort is without consciousness.

What more do we possess? We have consciousness. The body is endowed with five senses. We see, we hear, we smell, we taste and, with the sense of touch diffused throughout the body, we discern soft from hard, rough from smooth, and warm from cold. Thus we are endowed with five senses. But this we have in common with the animals.

Thus we possess something beyond the five senses. And yet, my brothers, if we reflect upon the endowments I have just enumerated, how much thanks and praise do we owe our Creator for these? But what more do we possess beyond this? We are endowed with mind, reason, and thought, all of which neither

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From Selected Sermons of St. Augustine, *translated and edited by Quincy Howe, Jr. Copyright © 1966 by Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc. (86) Used by permission of the publisher.*—EDITORS

the animals nor the birds nor the fish possess. In this we are made in the image of God.

Indeed when the Scripture tells of the creation of man, the order of creation is so arranged that we are placed not just before the beasts but over them as their superiors. It is written: *"Let us make man to our image and likeness: and let him have dominion over the fishes of the sea, and the fowls of the air, and the beasts, and every creeping creature that moveth upon the earth."* Whence does man have this dominion? He has it because he is made in the image of God. Thus it is said to some as an insult: *Do not become like the horse and the mule, who have no understanding.*

Understanding, however, is one thing and reason is another. We have reason before we have understanding, and we are unable to understand unless we have reason. Thus man is an animal capable of reason or, to put it more concisely, he is a rational animal. By his nature he is endowed with reason and he possesses reason before he can understand. Since he excels in reasoning, he wishes to understand.

WE MUST cultivate, fashion, and form in ourselves those gifts in which we surpass the beasts. But who shall be able to do this unless it be the Artisan who formed and fashioned us? We can only debase the image of God within us; we cannot reshape it.

Thus, to repeat briefly what I have said, we have our existence in common with rocks and wood, we have our life in common with trees, we have our consciousness in common with the beasts, and we have our understanding in common with the angels. Let us then distinguish colors with our eyes, sounds with our ears, scents with our noses, flavors with our taste, temperature with our touch, and moral values with our understanding.

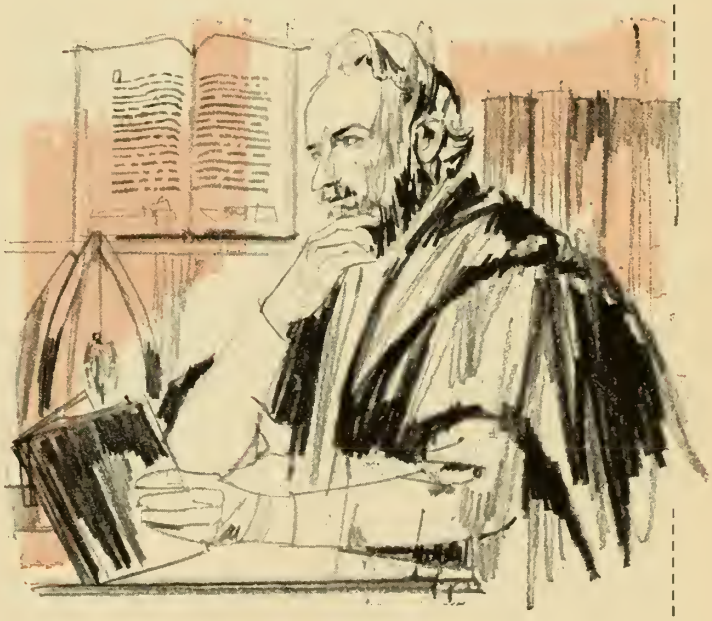
Use your understanding. Every man wishes to understand; there is none who does not wish to understand. Not all men, however, wish to believe. Imagine that a man says to me: "Let me understand that I may believe." I would answer: "Believe that you may understand." A dispute arises between us in which he says: "Let me understand that I may believe," and I answer him, saying: "Believe rather that you may understand." Let us go before a judge with this dispute, for neither of us is able to settle the issue on his own. Who shall we find as our judge? Once all the other men have been rejected, I know of no better judge than Him through whom God speaks. Let us not consult secular letters in this dispute. Let not a poet but a prophet speak judgment between us.

When the blessed apostle Peter was standing on a mountain with two other disciples of Christ the Lord, James and John, as well as with the Lord himself, he heard a voice borne down from heaven. *"This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear him."* Recalling this in his epistle, the apostle says: *This voice we ourselves heard borne from heaven when we were with him on the holy mount.* When he had said: *This voice we ourselves heard borne from heaven,* he added: *And we have the word of prophecy, surer still.* This voice resounded from heaven, and there was a prophecy surer still.

Listen closely, my beloved ones. May the Lord inspire my efforts and awaken your attention, that I may speak my mind and speak as I would wish. Who of us would not be surprised that the apostle pronounces the word of prophecy, which is surer still than the voice borne down from heaven? He called it a surer word, neither better nor more true, but only surer. The word borne down from heaven was just as true, as good, and as beneficial as the word of prophecy.

What, then, is the meaning of "surer still," if not that it gives greater strength to the listener's belief? And why is this? It is because there are faithless men

St. Augustine *was a restless man. A latecomer to Christianity, he tried ancient philosophies and found they did not satisfy. Thanks to the constant prayers of a devoted Christian mother, Monica, he found rest for his soul in God and was baptized at 32. In maturity, he became the greatest of the Latin church fathers, his writings influencing Christian thought through 15 centuries. In his famous* **Confessions,** *Augustine repents openly of love affairs and student escapades of his pagan days. Just 10 years after conversion, he became bishop of Hippo, a seaport town on North Africa's coast, where from 396 until his death in 430 he helped steer Christendom through heresy and schism. Called "the first modern man" because he brought together Christianity and classical learning, he played constantly on the theme, "Believe, so that you may understand." Appropriately, artists portray him with an open book and a burning heart. He left more than 500 written sermons, in which he prepares listeners for the work he believed God does in a person's life. St. Augustine's is another voice out of the past which* **Together** *presents for its relevance to Christian life today, when faith is bombarded with many new challenges to traditional thinking.*—**Editors**



who so malign Christ as to say that he used magic acts to do what he did. Those who are faithless might employ their human faculties and impious curiosity to attribute the voice borne down from heaven to magic acts. But the prophets existed, I shall not say prior to this voice, but prior to the incarnation of Christ. Christ was not yet born as a man when he sent forth the prophets. Whoever would maintain that he was a magician must answer this: If he employed magic arts that he might be worshiped after his death, was he a magician before his birth?

Behold, why the apostle Peter says: *We have the word of prophecy, surer still.* By the voice from heaven, the faithful are warned; by prophetic speech, the faithless are convinced. I believe, my beloved ones, that we now understand why, after the voice was borne down from heaven, the apostle said: *We have the word of prophecy, surer still.*

And how great was the humble generosity of Christ? Peter, who spoke the foregoing words, was a fisherman, and yet now a speaker wins great praise if he can understand this fisherman.

ACCORDINGLY, Paul said to the first Christians: *For consider your own call, brethren: that there were not many wise according to the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble. But the weak things of the world has God chosen to put to shame the strong, and the foolish things of the world has God chosen to put to shame the "wise," and the base things of the world and the despised has God chosen, and the things that are not, to bring to naught the things that are.*

If Christ had first chosen an orator as his apostle, he would say, "I have been chosen by merit of my eloquence." If He had chosen a senator, he would say, "I have been chosen by merit of my prestige." Finally, if He had chosen a general, he would say, "I have been chosen by merit of my power." Let men such as these withdraw and be put aside for a moment. Let them withdraw, but let them not be passed over or despised. Let them be put aside only for a moment, while they exult in themselves.

God said, "Give me that fisherman, give me the man without learning, the man without skills; give me him with whom a senator would not deign to speak, even if he were to buy a fish. Give me one such as this," He said. "If I fill him as my vessel, it will be clear that I am acting through him. I shall yet take a senator, but I am more sure with a fisherman." The senator, the orator, the general, all can boast of themselves; the fisherman, however, can boast only of Christ. Let the fisherman come to teach salutary humility. Let the fisherman come first. Through him the general will be more readily won over.

Recall this holy fisherman who was just and good and full of Christ. People of low station and others as well are caught in his nets that are spread throughout the world. Remember that he said: *We have the word of prophecy, surer still.*

Give me a prophet to judge in our dispute. What was the dispute in question? You were saying, "Let me understand that I may believe." And I was saying, "Believe that you may understand." A dispute arose. Let us go to a judge. Let the prophet judge, for God judges through the prophet. Let us both be silent. Our words have been heard. "Let me understand that I may believe," say you. And I say, "Believe that you may understand." Let the prophet now speak judgment: *If you do not believe, you shall not understand.*

Do you think, however, my beloved ones, that he has said nothing who says, "Let me understand that I may believe"? What is it we are trying to do but to bring belief, not to the nonbelievers but to those who have not believed enough? If they had been totally without belief, they would not be here now. Their faith has brought them here that they might listen. Faith has bade them present before the Word of God, but this faith that has blossomed must now be watered and nourished and strengthened. This is what I am doing. *I have planted,* says the Scripture, *Apollos watered, but God has given the growth. So then neither he who plants is anything, nor he who waters, but God who gives the growth.*

By speaking, exhorting, instructing, and persuading, we are able to plant and to water; but we cannot give growth. The Lord spoke with a man who knew this well. This man had prayed for help for his faith, for it was yet new and weak and feeble and faltering—and yet he still had faith. He prayed for one to whom he could say: *"I do believe, Lord."*

When the Gospel was read aloud, you heard Lord Jesus say to the father of the boy: *"If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him who believes."* This father stands before himself and looks upon himself. Devoid of brazen self-confidence, he examines his own conscience to find that he does have faith—faith that is yet weak. He sees both his faith and its weakness. He confesses the former and begs assistance for the latter. *"I do believe, Lord,"* he says. What words would better follow those than "assist my faith"? He does not say this, however. He says rather, *"I do believe, Lord.* I see this and cannot lie about it. I do believe and I speak the truth. And yet I see something else here that does not please me. I wish to stand and yet I must stumble. I have stood up to speak words, I have not fallen, and this is because I do believe. And yet I still must stumble. *Help my unbelief."*

Thus, my beloved ones, my opponent in this imaginary dispute in which I have invoked the word of the prophet does not speak idly when he says: "Let me understand that I may believe."

Of course the reason for my speaking now is so that those who do not believe may come to believe. Unless they can understand what I am saying, however, they cannot believe. Thus there is a certain amount of truth in the words: "Let me understand that I may believe."

And yet I say as the prophet does: "Believe, that you may understand." We both speak the truth, so let us agree. Understand that you may believe and believe that you may understand. I shall state briefly how we may settle this without dispute: Understand my words that you may believe and believe the Word of God that you may understand. □

Teens Together

By DALE WHITE

MANY OF you have written to ask how to get in touch with a pen pal in another country. Others have asked about opportunities to study overseas. A New York girl writes:

"I have been dreaming for a long time about writing to a teen-ager in another country, but I have no idea how to get in touch. I am very interested in people in other lands. I know all people are basically alike, for I lived 22 months in Europe. If more people would try to know and understand those of other nations, prejudice and tension would ease up. Instead, there might be brotherly love and peace."

I don't have channels for discovering pen pals. However, I do heartily support the convictions of this girl on international fellowship. I think God is leading us—some of us kicking and screaming the whole way—into a new family of man, one world under God. It probably will not be a world cut in our mold. It cannot be a white, Anglo-Saxon, Protestant world, shaped to all the favorite ways and ideas which seem like home to most of us. For that reason alone, we should be preparing ourselves to live in a world much bigger and more complex than many of us realize.

How can we say God is making one family of man? Let me share some experiences with you.

In Europe some months ago, we talked with leaders in the World Health Organization. They said, "A few years ago we met and decided to eradicate malaria from the face of the earth. We knew we had to mount a massive campaign to kill the malaria mosquitoes before they became immune to DDT. Today we can report that tens of millions of persons have been freed from fear of this dread disease. Thousands of acres of croplands have been opened up in areas where no one dared to live before."

A Russian psychiatrist told of international efforts to control mental illness.

In far-off Tashkent, the Soviet city in central Asia where tragic earthquakes have taken such a toll, we visited an agricultural experiment station. The director said, "Many Americans come to visit us. In the past few months, several groups of agricultural experts from your country, and from many other lands, have come to see what we have learned in our experiments with farm crops. We have also learned much from them." He showed us strains of wheat and other grains which had been developed by crossing strains from several countries on both sides of the Iron and Bamboo Curtains.

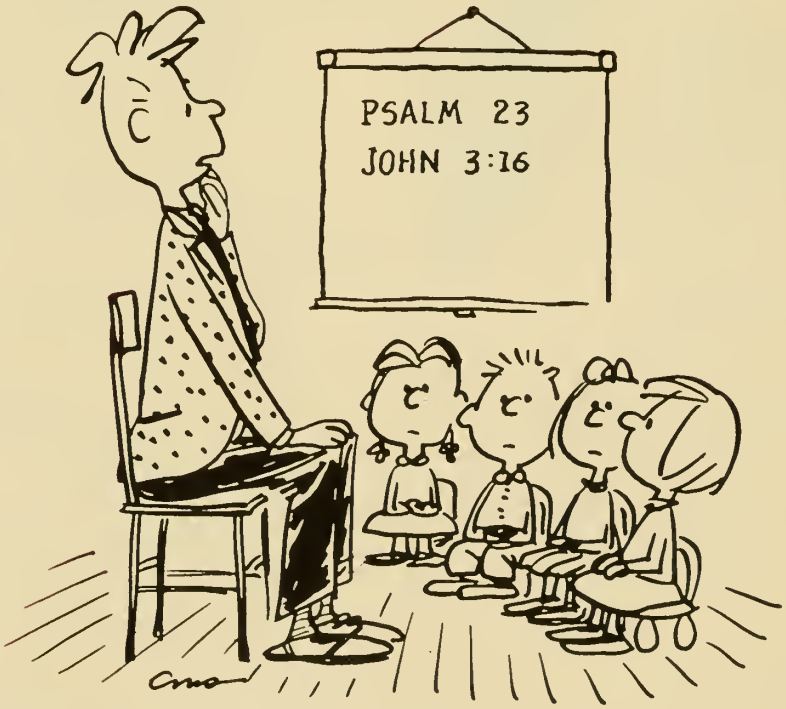
These and many other experiences showed us that medical men, scientists, technicians, and professional men of all sorts know one another and share ideas across borders. They meet in international conventions, read each other's journals, share research, and join in international institutions to solve universal human problems. We should remember this when we get discouraged about Viet Nam. Behind the scenes, a huge but gentle army is at work building a future for mankind.

How can we prepare ourselves for the emerging new world? Travel and study abroad is one way. Our church in Annandale, Va., has sponsored an exchange student under the International Christian Youth Exchange program. Thanks to our church, our daughter has gone to Brazil to spend her senior year in study in Porto Alegré. I wish you could read the exciting letters she writes. We have a lovely new daughter from Brazil living in our home during her senior year.

Altogether, ICYE brought 272 young people from 25 nations to the United States this year, and 111 have gone from America to other lands. The MYF in the North Alabama Conference will take a group of high-school and college youths to Russia and Europe next summer. Several colleges offer a year of study abroad.

Short-term missionary service and the Peace Corps provide other opportunities for service and personal growth abroad. The American Field Service is another international study program. If you will write, I can provide more information on these possibilities.

Of course, personal reading and study help a lot. Our family enjoys *Soviet Life,* an attractive picture mag-



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"In the early days, Christians who were persecuted sometimes hid in the catechisms—no, I don't think that's quite right."

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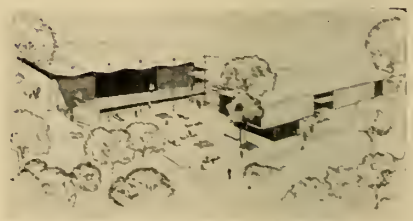

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azine of life in the Soviet Union. Our country publishes the magazine *America* in Russia, so that its citizens might have a similar opportunity to learn of our daily life. What are your plans to get acquainted with the rest of the world?

Q&A

My boyfriend and I are in the ninth grade. He is a leader in our school. At this school many of the students drink, particularly on the ninth-grade level. We live in a high-class neighborhood, and few would expect such a problem to exist.

My boyfriend and I are worried about the way these people carry on. His main concern, however, is the fear that his friends think he is babyish and chicken. I am convinced that our way of thinking is right, but how can I convince him? How can he regain the trust and confidence of his friends?—J.B.

I am on your side. I think ninth-graders need alcohol like they need Russian roulette. No one should have to apologize for refusing to join in teen-age drinking activities, which are not only dangerous, but also illegal. Yet it is hard for lone individuals to stand against group pressures. I admire your courage and maturity in doing so.

Since this is a social problem in your town, social forces must be used to lick it. Individual witness alone will not do the trick. Only a carefully organized campaign can do it. Encourage your parents to organize a parent-teacher-student committee to study the problem and to initiate effective action. The group should plan to meet until they understand thoroughly how extensive the problem might be, what remedial steps will work, and who is in a position to act.

Q&A

I am 15, a junior in high school. I feel my problem is very serious. There is a Negro boy in school whom I like very much. He likes me, too. Even though I know my parents would disapprove, I still meet him after school and enjoy every minute I am with him. I would tell my parents about him, but they are very prejudiced, and would never understand. What should I do?—C.C.

The tone of your letter reflects your awareness that your community will not accept interracial dating. Unless you are prepared to see your friend suffer severe reprisals, I would suggest that you draw rather strict boundaries around your relationship. You might enjoy being together in school group activities, meet and talk briefly in the halls, and perhaps talk on the telephone occasionally. Secret dating is in itself a kind of lie, and in this case will surely lead to serious consequences.

I am sorry the world has to be so unfair. Thousands of competent men of goodwill are working to change it. I would like to identify myself with those who are committed to bringing a new day of racial justice and understanding. But the time is not yet for you and your friend.

Q&A

I am a boy, 16, who would like to encourage everyone to read Tomorrow I'll Do It *in the June, 1966, issue of* Classmate, *the magazine for senior highs. It is about a white girl in a school just desegregated.*

Our school in a New Orleans suburb was desegrated this year, too. I made several decisions just as the girl in Classmate *did. More times than I remember I was called "nigger-lover," and I am proud of it. Weren't "Christian" and "Methodist" jeering names once? And now people are proud of being one of those.*

The wonderful thing about my witnessing was that it paid off in some of my friends. One boy at the beginning of the year had told me, "What are you, crazy or something? Don't talk to them!" He has a Negro friend now in his algebra class.

All I can say is, thank God for Classmate*!—D.R.*

You and I agree on *Classmate*. It is an exciting and interesting magazine. Congratulations on the personal witness you made at school! It takes a lot of courage to take an unpopular stand in a teen crowd, especially on an issue where feelings run high. May I suggest that you might take the initiative in forming an interracial human-relations council among the students? A faculty sponsor could meet with you. You could explore ways to develop greater understanding between the races in your school. This could help to secure the hard-won gains of your personal witness.

•

Tell Dr. Dale White about your problems, your worries, your accomplishments, and he will respond through Teens Together. *Write to him c/o* Together, *Box 423, Park Ridge, Illinois 60068.*—Editors

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REGARDING SCHOOLS

For information on other Methodist schools see page 51 of the September TOGETHER and pages 51, 52, and 75 of the October TOGETHER.

A pattern puncher explains how color and design are determined by holes in cardboard strips.

A New Pattern for Japanese Weavers

A Christian labor center, set in Kyoto's silk-weaving district, is experimenting with a hopeful kind of industrial evangelism among people who work within a stifling, problem-beset system of home factories.

JAPANESE Christians found out the hard way that traditional evangelistic methods do not work among people in the crowded, silk-producing Nishijin area of Kyoto.

Groups of Christians, working independently at several separate projects there, had had little success until a seminary student, disturbed by the lack of impact and the scatter-shot approach, called a meeting and appealed for a mutual witness. His gesture led finally to the opening of the Nishijin Labor Center in December, 1962, under united Christian sponsorship.

Christian outreach faces severe problems everywhere in Japan, which has only about 460,162 Protestants and 333,265 Roman Catholics in a population of 97 million. The Nishijin has been an almost completely non-Christian community, yet its people have needs that the churches felt compelled to try to meet.

In this compact area of home factories, a rigid guild system still prevails, along with highly structured and paternalistic patterns of family, economic, and religious life. The result has been tensions between workers and employers, parents and children, and within the 50,000-member work force.

In fact, the Nishijin silk industry may face extinction unless it can be made more attractive to young workers and more competitive in Japan's highly industrialized society.

"Our first task," says the Rev. Robert M. Fukada, a Methodist missionary who is director of the Nishijin Labor Center, "is to communicate to as many people as possible the deep Christian concern for the community, and to demon-

strate our intention to serve its needs."

The center runs a medical clinic, discussion groups, and classes in such wide-ranging fields as home economics, English, and flower arranging. It also sponsors labor-management consultations, leadership training, and an annual labor school that produces socially conscious weavers who can serve creatively among fellow workers.

But all this has not been easy.

For one thing, employers at the small silk factories keep sharp watch on their employees. One worker, at a firm that processes silk threads, found that his employer was disturbed both because the center was a Christian enterprise and because the name "Labor Center" gave him the immediate impression that it was politically leftist.

Then he discovered in the worker's room a speech prepared for a Labor Center class, in which the importance of a more sensitive social consciousness among both workers and management was stressed. At that point the boss summarily prohibited the worker from attending any more activities at the center or at the church where he had been worshiping.

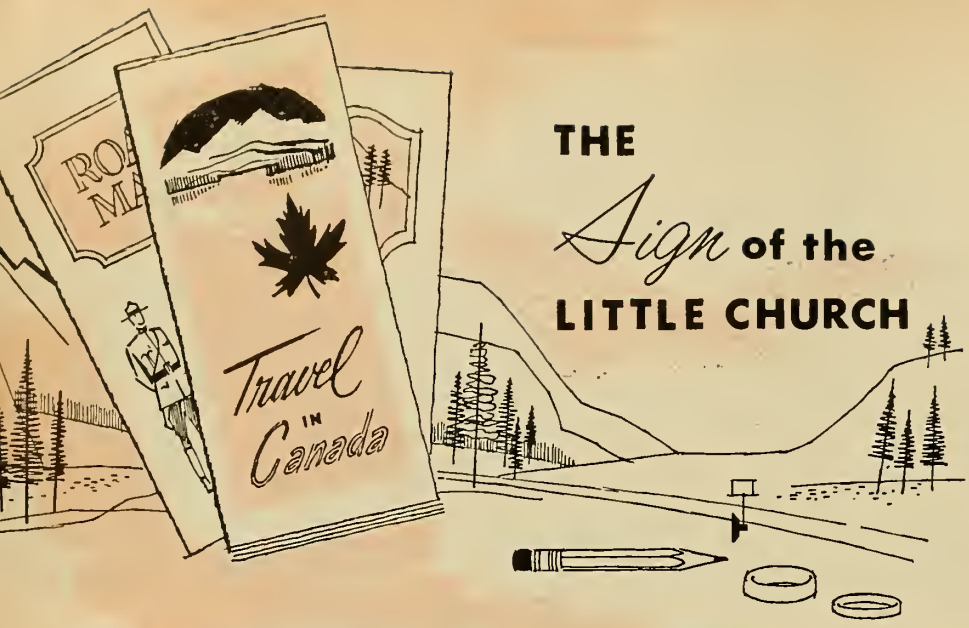
Happily, this particular story has a postlude. Some time later, after the worker persevered in his hard work at the shop, and after the employer did some thinking, the ban was lifted and their relationships have improved significantly.

The Labor Center also has served as the catalyst for friendship and romance between Japanese and Koreans in a land which long has had extreme prejudice and discrimination against Koreans.

One frequent visitor at the center, Kono, was first invited by his Christian employers. He soon concluded that the future of the Nishijin depends on trained and sensitive minds as well as skilled hands, and he enrolled in a nearby night school where he has earned a high-school diploma. At the same time he has mastered the skill of pattern

Working women attend an evening cooking class to learn new recipes and principles of nutrition. Below, the Rev. Bob Fukada, director of Nishijin Labor Center, teaches an evening English class. He is a Methodist from Kansas who serves as a missionary with Japan's United Church of Christ.

Each morning and evening a doctor and nurse are available at the labor center's clinic.



THE *Sign* of the LITTLE CHURCH

AFTER MANY years together, Jim and I had begun to quarrel too often and bitterly. This was no distant storm; we knew the very foundation of our marriage was shaking. Something had to be done.

We did not want to consult a marriage counselor; and our church attendance had been too sporadic, we thought, to contact our minister. So we poured out our troubles to our family physician. He advised us to take a trip and try to let our cares evaporate in new surroundings.

"Concentrate just on each other," he said. "Get away from your daily routine, even for a short time, and you may see your situation with more patience and understanding."

It was not so easy to do as to say, but finally—nearly three months later—we packed our car and headed north. Neither of us had much heart for the trip, and we both felt we were running away.

Outside the city, the air smelled cleaner. We kept on driving, rarely speaking. The next day, as we began to unwind, we crossed the border into Canada and headed for the little town of Drumheller, near Calgary, Alberta. We both were interested in collecting rocks, and the region—known as the Badlands—was rich in fossilized bones.

It was nearing winter, and long shadows seemed only to increase the drabness of the scenery. Soon we had tumbled into another of our nasty arguments. But we pushed on in grim silence.

About four miles outside of Drumheller—when our spirits really were sagging—we came upon a tiny church beside the unpaved road. It was a perfect miniature in pink and white, only 12 feet high, seven feet wide, and 11 feet long. We were astonished.

Jim stopped the car, and we walked up a stone path to it. A sign in front read: "This is Your Church. We are proud of it and hope you are too.—The Citizens of Drumheller."

Inside were six tiny, single pews. A card on the altar beside a recording machine listed several messages, prayers, and hymns from which we could choose.

We selected a brief history of the church, and learned that it had been the inspiration of the Rev. Edgar O'Brien, of Drumheller, who wanted to build a chapel where anyone could pause for a while and be with God. The people of Drumheller had furnished the labor and money, a local artist had painted the exquisite little windows, and the utility company furnished power.

We selected a hymn, then a prayer. Sitting quietly as the setting sun filtered through the windows, we suddenly were holding hands for the first time in months. When we finally looked at each other, we knew the bitterness was gone.

As we stood to leave, deeply grateful, we looked without success for a collection plate or an offering box. Our visit had cost us nothing but the long trip. We discovered, too, that the tiny church had been dedicated only three months earlier—when our physician was advising us to go away together!

—KATHRYN H. ROBERTS

card punching in three years instead of the usual five. Soon he will marry a Nishijin girl, and they will work together in their own business as well as in the community renewal effort.

"All in all," says Bob Fukada, "what we have observed in the past four years is the growth of people, especially young people, in terms of sensitivity toward their community and their roles in revitalizing it. They no longer are thinking of escaping. They are going to stick it out because they are beginning to feel that the Nishijin is their own and that it will never change for the better unless they work for it."

The Christian movement has stimulated both management, which now has built a Nishijin Labor Welfare Center, and the labor-union movement to be sensitive to community problems as a whole and to experiment with community renewal. Furthermore, local government officials have begun to show an interest in the future of the Nishijin.

At the Nishijin Labor Center, the search for effective ways to serve as agents of renewal and reconstruction continues among those who support it. These include district committees of the United Church of Christ in Japan (the Kyodan), of which Methodists are a part; the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations; several local congregations including Lutherans and Anglicans; and Doshisha University, oldest Christian school in Japan.

From overseas, interest and support have come from churches in the United States, Switzerland, and Germany, and from the World Council of Churches and the East Asia Christian Conference.

"There is no success story here yet," says Bob Fukada, "and we don't expect to succeed quickly in establishing communications with people whom the church has ignored for so long.

"It takes painful effort by all of us involved in this experiment before the Gospel can blossom. We are willing to risk such pain because we are motivated by a great joy in being able to be among our weaver friends in Nishijin."

—CAROL M. DOIG

CAREFUL BUT CAREFREE

By DARREL E. BERG
Pastor, Trinity Methodist Church
Lincoln, Nebraska

SUCCESS ALWAYS brings along its own breed of problems.

During last year's football season, for example, our University of Nebraska team had a perfect record. But toward the end of the season, with a 10 and 0 record in sight, you could see the team tightening up with each successive game. Finally, the pressure became too great and the Cornhuskers were defeated in the Orange Bowl. In basketball, too, Nebraska had a perfect conference record of 10 to 0. Yet the same tendency to tighten up became apparent, and one weekend the team was swept away by a Kansas-type tornado.

In both cases, defeat came at the hands of teams that had suffered earlier defeats and, therefore, were not anxious about preserving perfect marks. Once our teams had suffered defeat, they were free to do their best without having to carry the unnatural burden of a perfect record.

One hazard of success is that it causes us to expect too much from ourselves. We may try to be superhuman. Sometimes it takes a good smashing defeat to release us from this burden of artificial perfection.

Perfection Is Possible

There is a kind of perfection that does come to human beings. Notice I do not say that it can be *achieved,* rather that it *comes.* Jesus did not picture a man struggling to achieve and maintain absolute goodness. Rather, he seemed to be saying, "Don't be afraid to be perfect when you get the chance."

Perfection is not a static condition. It is a sudden happening, a moment that cannot be any better. We know what it is to have one of those days when everything goes right. And we know what it is to have a day when nothing does. We can plan everything down to the last dotting of the *i* and crossing of the *t,* but still not achieve perfection. It is a plus which only God can give.

I counsel with many young couples about what it means to be married. With some, I have the feeling that no two could have a more promising attitude toward marriage. Yet they will discover that there is a plus quality in the best marriages that cannot be learned from any book or any number of counseling sessions. It is a gift from God. You might call it the quality of wonder. It lifts two people out of themselves and makes their union perfect. It cannot be mathematically or chemically analyzed, but it is a perfection that comes to those who love completely.

In music or drama, a performer may say the words just as the playwright has written them, or play every note just as the composer set it down—but that is not yet perfection. Perfection is the plus, something that descends and then may vanish, something over and beyond.

In the New Testament, we see that same example of perfection descending upon a human situation. We read in Acts of the Apostles that early Christians trusted each other enough to hold all their property in common. That is what you call perfect trust. It was not self-conscious, not imperialistic. It was simply an idea that descended on them, and they were obedient to the idea.

Some of those primitive Christians were gifted with perfect courage. They did not have to talk themselves into being brave, they did not ask for martyrdom, they did not play to the grandstand. It was a case of a love for Jesus so great that they would die rather than betray it. For there *is* such a thing as perfect love—a love which, as the apostle Paul described it, "casts out fear."

Before that, there was a day when Jesus and some of his disciples went to the top of a mountain to get away from it all and to share with each other the most sacred things of their souls. While they were talking together, the face of Jesus began to shine like the sun, and his garments became white as the driven snow. It was a case of the supernatural invading a human situation and approving it. It was perfection.

Money on Every Shot

But perfection, while possible, is not predictable. Francis Ouimet, one of the first famous professional golfers, observed recently that modern players carry so many clubs (he used only five or six) that play is slowed by the decision on which is the right one to use. "I think," he added, "this is caused by the huge amount of money resting on every shot."

We may have here a clue to the sickness of our

century. From the time most of us start school, we are driven toward the feeling that a huge amount of money rests on our every shot. We are reminded of the example set by our forefathers, urged to bring honor to the family name. We dare not fumble or fall down anywhere along the way—or so we are led to believe.

It is easy to see this working on today's young people. If they don't produce the goods academically, it's Viet Nam. If they don't behave, it's juvenile court. Deeds that were called pranks a generation ago are misdemeanors now. This is partly because of heavier population, and partly because of adult anxiety about success.

But it is this kind of pressure that eventually becomes too heavy for human beings to bear.

A sociologist, Arthur Barron, recently conducted a six-month study of 16-year-olds in Webster Grove, Mo., an affluent suburb of St. Louis. After interviewing 688 of them, he commented that most are engaged in an academic ulcer derby, poring over their books mainly because they see a dollar sign on every page. They have an overriding fear of losing their families' financial security.

Dr. Barron observed that these teen-agers, whose parents have achieved the American dream of affluence and security, are paying a terrible price because of pressure on them for good grades and success in later life. "They're living for the future," he said. "There is very little idealism. They think happiness is a big house, two cars, and a lot of money. . . . The materialism of the youngsters is due to the pressure to achieve . . . the kind of life their parents want for them."

No one is altogether immune from the pressure to produce. But we have difficulty accepting that it is normal to fail as well as to succeed. Sooner or later, everybody who really lives life will come out on the losing end.

I remember seeing a foreign film which was altogether silent. It showed a man crossing a field with a small house at its far corner. A hand reached from the front door of the house and beckoned. The traveler stopped, seemed to consider the summons, then went on his way. But the hand kept beckoning. Once more he stopped, reconsidered, and started toward the house. Then he seemed to say, "No, I'm not interested," and turned away. But once more the beckoning finger lured him. Now stopping, now starting, he finally arrived at the partly opened door. Whereupon the beckoning hand clenched into a fist and knocked the man down.

There the movie ended. On the way out of the theater, I overheard someone say, "Well, that's life." We all laughed, but perhaps it is true. Yet, that isn't the whole story. It is what the fellow does after he gets up off the floor that matters.

The Other Side of Defeat

Sometimes a person's life really begins on the other side of defeat. In Sartre's play *The Flies*, Zeus warns Orestes that if he does not believe in him, he will have nothing left but despair. Orestes replies, "A man's life begins on the far side of despair." After you lose, your invincible image doesn't matter so much. You learn that it is not so bad to come in second.

It may be that only suffering, not success, will win the respect of others. Every individual must face his own mortality.

This has come home to me with force recently. For years I had prided myself on physical fitness; I had never been a patient in a hospital. I had had an undefeated season, physically. But how interesting that a fellow who prides himself on his physical fitness should be cut down playing handball. When I felt pain, I just tried to go a little faster. But there came the time when that didn't work and I had to ask for help.

What a surprise! Once I admitted I was at the end of my rope, hospitalization and surgery were far from being traumatic; instead, they were the gates to new life. The hardest thing was to admit that I was human, and capable of being cut down.

Can we look at this principle all the way across the board? Can we see that God does not require us to be perfect, to go through the season undefeated? It may happen, of course—but if it does, it will be a bonus, not a requirement.

"In our day," to quote golfer Francis Ouimet again, "we had our mind made up when we reached the ball. Gene Sarazen was a rapid player. Walter Hagen was *careful but carefree.*"

That is one of the advantages of having lost or having been brokenhearted, or having sinned. You are still careful, but you can be carefree. You are not anxious about so many things. Win, lose, or draw, you know that "all things work together for good to those who love God." □

A Cheerful Countenance

I must not wear my wounded spirit so
The world may see. Today I'll rise above
Infirmity and circumstance; God's love
Shall be reflected in the smile I show,
The misery of yesterday forgot.
But I'm a Christian and I wonder why
This face of optimism that I try
For size is merely masquerade! Oh, what
May Christians do to make false faces real?
To make the glow begin deep in the heart?
To be of cheer although the better part
Is not for them? To make the heartbreak heal?
Relax the tense distrust, believe, and see
Your mask exchanged for sweet serenity!

—HELEN BAKER ADAMS

San Diego's Volunteer Parents:

A Firm Hand on Violence

When unrest threatened another Watts, a Negro businessman mobilized a peace-keeping force of concerned parents in the community. Among the results: no major disturbances since, less crime, closer police-citizen co-operation, and a community working together on remaining problems.

By HELEN ELLSBERG

IN EARLY August, 1965, when the Watts riot exploded in nearby Los Angeles, residents of San Diego, nearly a hundred miles to the south, felt uneasy.

True, responsible Negroes and Negro leaders in Logan Heights, the Watts-like area in southeast San Diego, deplored the senseless violence and property damage in Los Angeles. But of the 80,000 persons residing in Logan Heights, 3,500 families comprising a quarter of the total population have an annual income of less than $3,000 each. Eight hundred of these families make less than $1,000 per year. Twelve percent of the males and 14 percent of the females were unemployed. More than a quarter of the adult population had less than an eighth-grade education.

Arrests are frequent. In the year preceding Watts, 11,133 juveniles were arrested in San Diego. To such Logan Heights residents, a riot was a way to gain attention, a release for pent-up emotions and frustrations. Their sympathies were with the rioters of Watts. What was happening there gave you something to think and talk about.

In mid-August, just as Watts began to calm down, rumors of local riot plans reached the San Diego police department. Police observed hostile crowds gathering in Logan Heights. There were reports of rock-throwing, and two fires were started.

The police department, feeling that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of Watts," moved into the Logan Heights area in force to patrol the streets and arrest troublemakers. Many of the 77 arrests were made upon complaints by responsible Negroes, like the Logan Heights businessman who held three belligerent teen-agers at bay with a gun until police arrived.

Though relieved that violence had been avoided, much of the Negro community was outraged at what it regarded as an unjustified show of force. Those who were jailed were highly indignant. Rumors of hostile gatherings, a few rock-throwings, and two attempts to set fires hardly constituted a riot, they felt.

"They want a riot, they'll get a riot!" incensed young Negroes began to mutter. It was clearly an incendiary situation.

Happily for San Diego, a few people were aware of the city's problems and working to solve them. Ted Patrick, hardworking 35-year-old Negro president of the Logan Heights Businessmen's Association, gave up his own public-relations business to concentrate on improving conditions in the Negro community. Long active in community affairs and a leader in earlier efforts to improve conditions in Logan Heights, Patrick might well have organized the area's businessmen, its religious leaders, and educators to help him quiet the unrest prompted by the outbreak in Watts. Instead, recognizing that the underprivileged Negroes frequently resent their own community leaders as much as they do the whites, Patrick went from door to door among the poorest families of the area to organize the mothers and fathers into a group that would come to be known as the Volunteer Parents.

People held back at first when he urged them to join. So long ignored and neglected, they felt shy

Ted Patrick, whose door-to-door appeals launched Volunteer Parents, illustrates one outgrowth of the program: close police co-operation.

When trouble or misunderstanding threatens in Logan Heights, Volunteer Parent teams step in—and police step back. Their success is measurable in fewer arrests and improved community relationships.

and unworthy. "It's a good idea, but who would listen to me? I'm nobody," they said. But Patrick assured them eloquently that the angry young men who were planning to riot would listen to nobody else.

Eager themselves to prevent an outbreak and pleased to be able to make a valuable contribution, these parents went out among the militant juveniles talking, urging, even threatening. They dispersed hostile-appearing groups and sent loiterers home.

Janitor George Mills, a tall, thin, soft-spoken man with a gentle, cajoling manner, was especially successful in calming ruffled teenage tempers. Jolly, plump, Mary Ann Barrett, who works as a hotel maid when she is lucky enough to be employed, disclosed a talent for kidding and joking with belligerent youths, breaking the tension and getting them to laugh in spite of themselves. There were many others like these, and the work they did not only helped the young people but gave the Volunteer Parents a new confidence in themselves.

Before long word came that a group of 12 youths had organized a plot to attack white neighborhoods. Their plan was to spread out into five different areas, confusing the police and weakening their ability to control the outbreak. The 35 Molotov cocktails confiscated from this group and turned over to the police were tangible evidence of the seriousness of the situation and the effectiveness of the Volunteer Parents persuasion, for it was they who uncovered the plot and talked the ringleaders into surrendering the homemade bombs.

An uneasy calm settled over Logan Heights. But responsible citizens in both white and Negro communities were thinking some long thoughts about preventing future violence. Lieut. William Kolender (then Sgt. Kolender), as agent for Police Chief Wesley Sharp, now proposed a series of discussion meetings at police headquarters. Logan Heights youths were invited to lay their grievances on the table and in turn to learn something of the problems of the police.

The first meeting was attended by some 35 cynical, skeptical, sarcastically wisecracking juveniles, many of them with extensive police records. When the boys found that they were really going to be listened to, they poured out a torrent of grievances—and felt better for "getting it off their chests."

A film picturing police duties and responsibilities was shown. For the first time, it seemed to occur to the hostile youths that the police were human beings with difficult and often dangerous jobs to do and that they had their problems, too. After the film there was a healthy exchange of views.

In November, a potluck dinner sponsored by Logan Heights business groups and the Volunteer Parents was attended by 100 or so of the rambunctious teen-agers and young adults whose evenings usually were spent on street corners. It was the first time many of them had ever been invited to a dinner.

Honored guests were the district's councilman, Tom Hom, and Lieut. William Kolender and Sgt. Allen Brown, police community-relations officers. Other officers on duty in the Logan Heights area dropped in as their schedules permitted.

"Stuff like this I take seriously," said 16-year-old John McClellan over a heaping plate.

Then, in early December, a program called "A Survey of Poverty in San Diego" on Time-Life TV station KOGO showed a Negro mother in Logan Heights serving oatmeal to her seven children. She had borrowed 20¢ so that the children could have milk on their oatmeal, the only food she had in the house.

The sight shocked and touched many San Diegans and, in the days that followed, money poured in, enabling the family to buy food and warm clothing and to look forward to a merry Christmas.

Were there other Logan Heights families destitute at Christmastime, the newly awakened San Diegans wondered. The Volunteer Parents made a pre-Christmas survey and discovered nearly 1,500 families with from 3 to 18 children without proper food and clothing.

When the shocking results of the survey were published, the white community pitched in to see that every family in the city had a Christmas. Gifts of food, new clothing, candy, and toys began to pile up in front of the Volunteer Parents headquarters. The problem of pickup and distribution had become overwhelming when the police department and the sheriff's office offered to help by picking up contributions and taking them to distribution centers. As a result, for the first time since anyone could remember, no one in Logan Heights

went hungry or without a gift on Christmas.

In January, 1966, a crowd gathered in San Diego's Community Concourse Plaza for a ceremony that may well have been unique in American history. The Negro community had declared a "Police Appreciation Week." With speeches, choir, and band, the people paid tribute to officers of the police and sheriff's departments and presented awards to individuals for outstanding contributions toward improving community relations.

It was a great day for Ted Patrick, the man primarily responsible for Police Appreciation Week. "The more I saw of trouble in other areas," he says, "the more I realized how important it was for some place to prove that police and Negro co-operation can really work."

Recent projects, sponsored by the Logan Heights Businessmen's Association and supervised by the Volunteer Parents, include a group called Youths Against Crime, which is just what its name indicates; and a Junior Government for Southeast San Diego, designed "to imbue our young folks with the positive traits which produce first-rate citizens."

The Junior Government is divided into three age groups, 6 to 10; 10 to 15; and 15 to 25.

"Six years old is not too young to start learning laws, rights, responsibilities and respect for police," says M. C. Florence, Patrick's able and articulate assistant.

"When these youngsters understand that they can call Lieut. Kolender or Sgt. Brown whenever they have a problem, they learn to think of them as friends.

"They need to know the laws in order to uphold them," he adds.

As an organization, Volunteer Parents has only one by-law—prevention of violence. Every member can be president, for if any member discovers a threat of violence, he can call for help among the parents. He is in charge until the trouble ends. Has it worked?

In over a year now since the Volunteer Parents have taken over to prevent street gatherings and fights, there have been no major disturbances in Logan Heights. And Lieut. Kolender is aware of numerous cases where incidents which could have been serious have been prevented.

Volunteer Parents patrol the school grounds after hours and watch the known meeting places of troublemakers. When trouble seems to be brewing, the Volunteer Parents come in—and the police move out of the area.

Ted Patrick points out, "If there is a disturbance, it is the duty of the police to arrest the culprits. But they know that we will try our best to break it up without having to have any arrests—and the kids know that, too."

Patrick points with pardonable pride to 22-year-old Paul Hillard, former street-gang leader with a record of 27 arrests, including attempted robbery, resisting arrest, burglary, and arson. Paul has done an about-face, and now works as a youth co-ordinator with the Volunteer Parents. Gone are the sloppy "mod" clothes, the long hair, and beard. In his neat sports attire, he is as personable a young man as you will find in Logan Heights. Boys are eager to work with him, and they have a healthy respect for his physical prowess.

The success of San Diego's Negro-police co-operation experiment stems in part from the city's police-training program. Requirements for membership on the integrated force are among the strictest in the nation. For each class of 40, up to 1,000 applicants are screened. Minority-group attitudes are a factor in acceptance. That the specialized training pays off is evident in the fact that with fewer police per 1,000 people than any other major city, San Diego has built up a record in community relations that may be considered as a model for the nation.

San Diego's racial problems are by no means over. There is still much to be accomplished in the field of education, housing, and unemployment. The discussion groups continue to meet at the police station. The Volunteer Parents have plenty to keep them busy. The program is no final solution to the "get whitey" hatred. But even the most confirmed racial cynic cannot ignore the clear evidence of improved community relationships. the success of the juvenile program, and the federal statistics on crime reduction.

One evening recently, as they closed the Volunteer Parents office for the day, Ted Patrick and M. C. Florence looked across the street to the corner of 30th and Imperial where not long ago juveniles "itching for trouble" congregated regularly and the air was electric with tension. Not a soul was in sight. They smiled at each other.

No doubt about it. Things are looking up in Logan Heights. □

NIGHT AND THE STUDENT

By Frances Blackburn

I have left my dusty little room, my desk piled high with books,
And stand here in the splendor of the shining autumn night.
Though I have studied long to understand
The mysteries of earth and sky that science can explain,
I gaze in puzzled wonder at the cloudless silver light.
I know the shimmering rays that fall from yonder far-off star
Had left their source before my hour of birth;
The fragrant wind that moves through flowers to whisper in my ear
Has wandered, restless, over all the earth;
And yet this moment is—and I am here
In all the perfect sweetness and the brightness of this night.
No book has ever taught me how such beauty came to be,
When all things meet together in a moment of delight;
There are no laws of science, no rules for me to cite;
A power beyond all knowledge made this wondrous shining night.

When they laid the foundation of the Temple, they set priests to praise the Lord. From God and His People.

Barnabas

Looks at NEW Books

FEW features in TOGETHER have brought us more reaction than a color pictorial based on Clark B. Fitz-Gerald's sculpture *The Ten Commandments*. It appeared a year ago this month, and almost by return mail we discovered that readers either liked it violently—or disliked it just as violently.

If you liked *The Ten Commandments*, you will want to know that Fitz-Gerald has illustrated ***God and His People*** (Seabury, $4.95), a collection of passages from the King James Version of the Bible that tell the story of the Old Testament. The illustrations are pen sketches made lively with color.

The text was selected and edited by Episcopal clergyman **Harold Bassage**, who also wrote transitional passages. "In the development of the Old Testament story," Dr. Bassage writes, "we see people's changing, growing comprehension of the nature and will of God. Sometimes, in early centuries, men thought God could be capricious, cruel, vengeful, and bent on the bloody destruction of his people's enemies. But as time went on, men came to realize that God is not like that at all. More and more, the people of God perceived that he is righteous, just, and dependable, and that, although man's transgression brings divine judgment upon him, God's indestructible compassion reaches into the lives of all people everywhere."

Why does God let pain and evil exist?

Nobody knows, theologian nor layman, but seminary professor **George A. Buttrick** tackles the question by putting the enigma of man's suffering against the event of Christ. In ***God, Pain, and Evil*** (Abingdon, $5.95), he sees pain as coming from man's inhumanity to man and his denial or forgetfulness of God's commands. Yet, paradoxically, he recognizes that pain can cleanse us from sin and the desire to sin when we meet it in the light of the cross and the Resurrection.

Dr. Buttrick, who has been a parish minister and an editor as well as a seminary professor, wrote *God, Pain, and Evil* for the general reader, taking 12 years to do it. Joyful and personal, and avoiding theological terms, it deserves reading and rereading.

In the rush of holidays, Thanksgiving has been losing foothold. Yet to Christians it is like no other festival.

If you want to establish or enrich your own family's observance of the time when we count our blessings and thank God for them, you will find a storehouse of ideas in ***Thanksgiving—Feast and Festival*** (Abingdon, $5.95). This volume of poems, stories, and essays compiled by **Mildred C. Luckhardt** can be read and treasured by children and adults alike.

The richness and variety of America's cultural heritage is probably nowhere more evident than it is in cookbooks.

Take ***The Settlement Cook Book*** (Simon and Schuster, $5.95 regular; $10 deluxe), which dates back to the turn of the century when the teacher

of the cooking classes in a Milwaukee neighborhood house called "The Settlement" decided the lessons and recipes should be printed so her students, newly arrived in America from many lands, would not have to copy them from the board.

When the slim 174-page cookbook appeared, in April, 1901, nobody dreamed it eventually would sell a million and a half copies in revised and expanded editions. In fact, the gentlemen of the Settlement Board had refused to authorize $18 to print it—though they laughingly offered to share in "any profits."

The latest edition has been adapted to all the changes in food processing, cooking techniques, people's tastes that have occurred during the last 65 years, but the traditional recipes remain. They represent many national origins, including German, Chinese, French, Russian, Italian, Mexican, Scandinavian, and English.

The sermon by St. Augustine that appears on page 48 may send you looking for more of his writings. The two most famous are his *Confessions*, in which he looks back on his early days as a roistering youth, and *City of God*, in which he reviews human history from the Christian viewpoint. Both are available in many editions, both in hard covers and paperback.

On Faith and Knowledge, however, comes from ***Selected Sermons of St. Augustine*** (Holt Rinehart Winston, $6), translated and edited by classics scholar **Quincy Howe, Jr.** Although some of these 30 sermons have not been published in English before, all 30 are major religious texts that have a particular relevance for our time.

In view of current headlines and newscasts, Augustine might be speaking directly to us in his sermon *Prepare for the Hardships of the World*. It was written some time after 410, when reports of the Visigoth invasion of Rome had shaken the faith of people everywhere in the permanence of the Roman Empire. "Although the Lord has shown us the enemy whom we must avoid," said Augustine, "he has also never ceased to show us a stronghold against him." And: "When adversity comes, it will be what you make of it—either a trial of strength or a crisis of damnation."

In another sermon, he has something to say to death-of-God theologians: "Why is it that we do not see God right now? It is . . . because our sins keep us apart from him and if he turns his face from us because of our faults, let us listen to him calling after us while we sweat beneath the burden of our hearts."

After his first interview with Hirohito, emperor of defeated Japan, Gen. Douglas MacArthur wrote: "He was an emperor by inherent birth, but in that instant I knew I faced the First Gentleman of Japan in his own right."

MacArthur was not an easy man to impress, but the years have proved him right. The gentle, honorable man whose life as emperor has spanned 40 years and who once was considered by Japanese to be a descendant of the sun goddess Amaterasu, is more popular as a democratic monarch than he was as a mythical, divine, and autocratic god-king behind the walled moat of the Imperial Palace. In a land in which to lose face is everything, Hirohito humbly and superbly demonstrated after World War II that to lose everything is not necessarily to lose face.

Leonard Mosley gives us a sympathetic, thoughtful biography of this unprepossessing looking gentleman in ***Hirohito, Emperor of Japan*** (Prentice Hall, $7.95). We learn that the power he was assumed to have had up to and during World War II was actually only a limited discretionary power, nothing approaching a right to veto. It is to his eternal credit that he tried repeatedly to the limit of his power and his own too-civilized nature to prevent Japan's aggression.

Union Theological Seminary President **John Coleman Bennett**, who wrote the article on pacifism that appears on pages 32-34 in this issue, is the author of ***Foreign Policy in Christian Perspective*** (Scribners, $3.50 cloth; $1.25 paper).

In that plainspoken book, he tells about a delegation from the World Council of Churches that went to call on President Kennedy. Their mission was to give him a message to heads of states that had been drafted at the council's New Delhi Assembly. It included a paragraph calling for the cessation of nuclear tests. When the President read that paragraph, he revealed his own dilemma, speaking with great feeling about the depths of his own concern. When he was through, a member of the delegation said: "Mr. President, if you do resume tests, how can we help you?" The President turned to him and said simply: "Perhaps you shouldn't."

In the eyes of a writer who knows Viet Nam better than almost any other American, imprudent measures urged upon Ngo Dinh Diem and the engineering of his overthrow may have been the greatest of many mistakes the U.S. has made there.

The late Premier Diem, says **Ellen Hammer** in ***Vietnam: Yesterday and Today*** (Holt Rinehart Winston, $3.95), was a man of some ability, "respected as a symbol of Vietnamese

(*Continued on page 65*)

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Who's Afraid of
'Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf'?

By CLIFFORD W. EDWARDS
Chairman, Department of Philosophy and Religion
Wesleyan College, Macon, Georgia

WHO'S *Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* is undoubtedly the most talked-about and controversial American motion picture of 1966. Whether one judges it to be a new low in film-making obscenity, a work of art, or a disturbing but accurate portrayal of modern man's bankrupt relationships, one can hardly ignore its impact on the American scene. Both the pulpit and the pew, if involved in the world around them, will have to face with maturity and courage the issues raised by this film.

Why is it impossible to ignore this film? The very presence of Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton as its stars has attracted the attention of masses of Americans. But beyond that, many reviewers agree that their performances and the production as a whole make it the film to beat for 1966 Academy Awards.

Another reason that this film is of special concern is the language it brings to the motion-picture theater. "I didn't know such words were allowed on the screen" is a common reaction. Producer-adapter Ernest Lehman has sought to retain the impact of Edward Albee's stage drama by refusing to cut speeches involving blasphemies and obscenities previously barred from popular American films.

Will this breakthrough in screen language exert a crucial influence on motion pictures in the years ahead? Almost certainly. Unfortunately, many films likely will imitate Albee's rough language simply to attract an audience, without a script having the integrity and maturity of Albee's, and without exercising the responsibility in advertising and in enforcing a policy that admits those under 18 only if accompanied by a parent—a policy for which Warner Brothers is to be commended.

There is one further reason this film demands special attention. An increasing number of persons are charging that organized Christianity is both failing to communicate the Gospel to modern man and has closed its ears to the prophetic voices of our time. Many believe that the prophetic voices the church refuses to heed often come through modern art and literature—in such works as *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* If the great majority of church folks dismiss this film-drama without giving it a fair hearing (and viewing), many will be driven to conclude that the church is hopelessly unwilling to confront modern man where he lives.

Slashing exchanges of dialogue, laced with profanity and vulgarity, mark this controversial film starring Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton.

But does this filming of a 2 a.m.-to-dawn orgy of drink, sex, and profanity really deserve to be taken seriously? What considerations should be kept in mind in judging fairly the worth of this story about the vicious attacks of George and his wife Martha upon each other and upon their two guests?

Strangely enough, some excellent guidelines for mature judgment are indicated in the decision of an agency known for its strict grading of films: The National Catholic Office for Motion Pictures (formerly the Legion of Decency). Even while the film industry itself was withholding approval of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* NCOMP classified the film A-4 (for adults with reservations.) By contrast, *Kiss Me, Stupid*, a more conventional Hollywood sex-violence epic, was given a prohibitive C rating. As Monsignor Thomas F. Little explained the A-4 rating:

"In the context of this film, the elements have a dramatic vitality. I've never heard those words on a screen before, but I've heard them at Coney Island. It is all right to use erotic elements when everything jells in artistic integrity."

The above quotation suggests two important considerations in judging *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*

First, are its language and actions honest to life? We may wish it otherwise, but in a nation plagued with soaring divorce, illegitimacy, and crime rates, dare we deny the presence among us of the viciousness and degradation of language and act portrayed in the Albee film? Dozens of films have pictured seduction and violence as cute and exciting rungs on the ladder to social success. Many have been guilty of that to which *Virginia Woolf* Director Mike Nichols referred when he said, "Disguising profanity with clean but suggestive phrases is really dirtier." But this film pictures a violent drunken orgy the way it really is: ugly and terrifying.

Secondly, Monsignor Little's remarks stress the need for judging the artistic integrity of the film as a whole, and of judging individual words and actions *within that context*. Those who

proof-text the Albee film and dismiss it because certain words and actions seem objectionable had best beware, for similar proof-texting would lead us to dismiss the Bible as obscene. Taken out of their context, the biblical scenes depicting drunken Lot and his daughters or David spying on Bathsheba are lewd and objectionable.

The need to judge individual elements within the total context of the film leads to a final consideration: Does this film have any redeeming insights for modern man?

Sensitive viewers will discover a surprising number of prophetically relevant themes. The film's title parodies a nursery song whose message is made frightfully applicable to our time. Like two of the little pigs, insecure man seeks to bolster his courage by singing of his self-made salvation while constructing a straw house pitifully vulnerable to the wolf.

Where does the film locate the wolf? Within man himself, within human relationships. Proclaiming fallen man as the destructive wolf of our age should come as no surprise to those who have read the New Testament (Matthew 7:15 and 10:16; Acts 20:29)!

Or one might emphasize the relevance to our day of the imaginary child motif in the film. Martha and George have lavished so much attention upon an illusory child that they have ignored responsibility for their living relationship with each other. One can hope that this film will lead some viewers to call their own illusions into question, and perhaps even dare, with George and Martha, to bury illusions and face the fearful uncertainty of reality. Only the insensitive will fail to be profoundly moved by the mingled fear and hope in Martha's simple words to George as she faces the morning after without her illusory son.

"Just . . . us?" she asks.

George's quiet answer is simply, "Yes."

Certainly the message of love's miraculous existence in the most impossible situations emerges. As the sun rises after vicious insults and adultery, the weary combatants seek to give and receive comfort and compassion.

Albee's original title for *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* was *The Exorcism,* the name given the most popular of New Testament healing miracles. Whether or not one agrees that this controversial film does help drive out modern man's demons, a mature and courageous encounter with the issues raised by the film might well help the church to cast out the demon that so long has separated it from honest conversation with the modern writer and film-maker. □

Looks at New Books

(*Continued from page 63*)

nationalism," who initiated some progress and recognized, as Washington did not, the "need to win men's minds." His overthrow and assassination not only created a vacuum in South Viet Nam but alienated Cambodia and France as well.

Dr. Hammer, who has investigated Viet Nam's problems during a number of extended sojourns there, discusses its geography, history, economics, sociology, politics, and strife in clear-cut, absorbing style.

Americans who take for granted that the Vietnamese just recently emerged from jungle culture will be surprised to learn that our own civilization is the junior. The Vietnamese people's woes through the centuries have been brought on by overpopulation, poverty, religious rivalries, violent political upheavals, and tyranny, including about 1,000 years of subjugation by the Chinese. Dr. Hammer blames much of the instability of their society on the lack of a middle class to bridge the gap between a wealthy, educated elite and the peasants.

Western culture and communism, and the warfare rising out of their clash, have combined to undermine the two basic Vietnamese institutions, the family and the village, but the North-South division had its origin almost 300 years ago. Division always has created hardship because the agricultural south and the industrial north desperately need each other.

The French, despite their colonialism, benefitted Viet Nam economically, although their refusal to grant concessions gave the Reds their opportunity after World War II. The French did propose, in 1953, to set up an independent, neutral Viet Nam, but the Communists, backed by Red China, refused to have anything to do with the proposal.

Dr. Hammer emphasizes that, while Washington acts to check the spread of communism, Peking sees the Viet Nam war as its opportunity to kick the United States out of Asia for all time. Her book brings much-needed perspective to the chaos in Viet Nam.

Methodist Bishop **Hazen G. Werner** gets about the world more than most of us do. The Michigan-born bishop is assigned to the Taiwan-Hong Kong area; and as chairman of the World Methodist Family Life Committee—he has been involved in family-life conferences in more than a dozen countries.

In ***The Bible and the Family*** (Abingdon, $2.50), he says the things which he thinks it is essential for the church to say about family relationships, and they are as basic for families in Singapore as for families in St. Louis. Rooted in the Scriptures, his book is a skillful blend of sound Christian theology and good old-fashioned "common sense."

Ninety percent of the drugs physicians now are prescribing were unknown 10 years ago. Advances in surgery are being made every day. Even traditional first-aid techniques have been improved and simplified.

An excellent way to get up to date is through ***Today's Health Guide*** (American Medical Association, $5.95). It will not tell you how to treat yourself—not unexpectedly, it stresses the importance of maintaining continuing and friendly contacts with your family physician and your family dentist. But it does give you a wide-ranging understanding of the many things you can do to keep yourself and your family well in body and mind.

There are numerous unexpected features in this book, edited by physician **W. W. Bauer.** It discusses sex education with the realization that it involves much, much more than the facts of life. It covers safe bicycling. And people whose home cities have been hit by tornadoes, earthquakes, or floods will find a discussion of disaster health care particularly pertinent.

Give Your Child a Superior Mind (Simon and Schuster, $6.50) is a guide to teaching youngsters from 18 months to 5 years old. It is a controversial book because many educators feel that a child should not be taught to read, to spell, to tackle mathematical problems before he gets into school. But, citing the example of geniuses, authors **Siegfried** and **Therese Engelmann** advocate early training.

They explode some common notions. For instance, on the basis of their own research (Siegfried Engelmann is a research associate at the Institute for Research on Exceptional Children at the University of Illinois; Therese Engelmann helps develop and test teaching techniques), they point out that the IQ, or "intelligence quotient," is not fixed from the cradle to the grave but can vary markedly from one age level to another.

It is the "active environment" that will stimulate a youngster to enlarge his capacity to learn, they say, because "the environment is the teacher and the child is the learner."

Even if you decide not to teach Junior his *ABC*s before he enters kindergarten, the Engelmanns' book is well worth reading.

Was a band of conspirators involved with Lee Harvey Oswald in the assassination of President John F.

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Kennedy? Was there a second gunman? Was it, in fact, Oswald who murdered the President and on the same afternoon shot down Dallas police officer J. D. Tippit?

Two recent books point out conflicting evidence that emerged during the Warren Commission hearings and criticize the commission for not going deep enough into its investigations of those murders and the subsequent murder of Oswald.

Rush to Judgment (Holt Rinehart Winston, $5.95) charges that the commission concentrated on the why of the assassination and took the identity of the assassin for granted. Its author, **Mark Lane**, was counsel for Mrs. Marguerite Oswald in her efforts to prove her son's innocence, and his argument is, quite naturally, for the defense. In fact, he uses the trial lawyer's technique of asking unanswerable questions to convey impressions to the jury that cannot be supported by evidence.

Inquest (Viking, $5, Bantam, 95¢), by young scholar **Edward Jay Epstein**, had its beginning as a case study of the Warren Commission as a governmental body set up to answer the needs of an extraordinary situation. Concerned with the commission's failure to contend with serious contradictions in evidence, he speculates that the commission may have failed to answer some essential questions because it was convinced the national interest would be served by a speedy report terminating rumors.

As is evident from Lane's and Epstein's books, rumors have not been terminated. Probably they never will be, and more critiques of the 26-volume Warren Commission Report undoubtedly will be coming along.

Young English novelist **Colin Wilson** has a voracious appetite for music—and a phonograph that probably is not silent very often. In ***Chords and Discords*** (Crown, $4.95), he indulges in some music talk that is completely without awe or pretensions.

He is lukewarm about Bach and Chopin, does not accept the claim that jazz is the true music of the 20th century, sees Sir Arthur Sullivan's gift as just as great as Rossini's, and believes that if Gilbert's words could be translated successfully into European languages, Sullivan might be the best-known English composer on the continent.

Music lovers will find *Chords and Discords* stimulating, refreshing, and sometimes highly unorthodox.

If next Sunday's sermon does not get through to you, don't put all the blame on the preacher. You may not be listening effectively.

In ***A Listener's Guide to Preaching*** (Abingdon, $1.25), seminary professor **William D. Thompson** reminds us that communication is a two-way operation. If we pew-sitters can learn to be better listeners, we will make a better preacher out of the man in the pulpit—and we will become better Christians ourselves.

This is a sprightly paperback.

I was disappointed in **Zoe Oldenbourg**'s history of ***The Crusades*** (Pantheon, $6.95). She is a fine novelist, and has a highly detailed knowledge of the period. Perhaps that was her problem. She writes at length about people and events but fails to make them come alive.

Several books for small fry have stayed on my bookshelves because I could not bear to part with them until I had mentioned them here.

One is ***Lullabies and Night Songs*** (Harper & Row, $6.95), a beguiling collection of songs for the very young. The music is by **Alec Wilder**; **William Engvick** was the editor; and Maurice Sendak created the pastel Victorian-style illustrations.

The Calico Jungle (Knopf, $3.50) is outstanding because of its art. By an artist-writer with the fascinating name of **Dahlov Ipcar**, it is about a little boy who dreamed the animals on his calico quilt came alive. You could wish that animals really looked like this.

Another handsome book is ***Castles in the Sand*** (Holt Rinehart Winston, $3.50), a delightful fantasy about two children playing by the sea. The story is by **Crockett Johnson**, the illustrations are by Betty Fraser.

Young would-be gardeners will get off to a flying start with ***The Indoor and Outdoor Grow-It Book*** (Random House, $2.95). **Samm Sinclair Baker** has packed it with practical gardening lore that will make its readers the equal of much older green-thumb practitioners.

Tressa (Viking, $3.50) is a story of ranch life under the wide skies of West Texas. To the 10-year-old daughter of the family, the whirling dust storms, big horses, and rough games at school were terrifying, and it is her struggle to overcome her fear that makes the story. To tell it, **Evelyn Trent Bachmann** draws on memories of her own childhood during the 1920s, and girls around about 10 will identify strongly with her young heroine.

Boys that age will chuckle over ***The Operation That Happened to Rupert Piper*** (Abingdon, $3.25), by **Ethelyn M. Parkinson**. This is a story of today's boys and girls, and of ingenious Rupert who outsmarts himself.

—BARNABAS

Browsing in Fiction

With GERALD KENNEDY, BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA

TO BE A reviewer of books, I suppose, a man ought to be well-read and exemplify some ability to recognize good writing when it appears. If he knows something about the author, that is all to the good. If it is a nonfiction book, of course, he ought to know something about the subject being discussed and thus able to comment on the author's accuracy.

But so far as fiction is concerned, the critic's point of view will be influenced primarily by what kind of man he is. If life is primarily meaningless, it will be very hard to comment except unfavorably on a book that has found purpose in living. If, on the other hand, religion is a very real, relevant experience for a person, he will not be so sympathetic with the unbeliever as he ought to be. I do not know of any activity that will so completely reflect the quality of a man's life as expressing his opinions about novels. If you do not know the book itself, you had better know something about the man who is telling you about it.

All this is by way of mentioning **NEW AXIS** by **Charles Newman** ***(Houghton Mifflin, $3.95).*** I had not read this book when my wife saw a glowing report of it in *Life* magazine. She pointed it out to me, and I remembered it was on my office desk. I read it immediately after noting that the *Life* article compared it with *Catcher in the Rye*, which is very high praise, indeed. So I turned to it with expectation. Now I have to tell you that I disagree completely with the *Life* reviewer, and to save my soul I cannot see what he got excited about. This is not said with any idea of proving him wrong. He may be quite right, but the book made very little impression on me.

New Axis concerns an American suburb and a decent, better-class American family consisting of Big Ed, the father; Nora, the wife; and Little Ed, their only son. Little Ed's friend Wally is crippled by polio and the story tells something about the relationship between these two boys and Ed's willingness to do anything possible to create a diversion for his crippled friend. He comes to the time when his girl friend, Denise, marries Wally, but there is no great heartbreak involved. Little Ed gets married himself and has his own son whom he also names Ed.

This is about all there is to it. I did appreciate the author's attempt to show these people as well-meaning rather than corrupt and mechanized as is the popular custom in writing about American suburbs. So, you can take your choice: *Life* says it is a great book; I say it is not much. What I say will not have much affect on the novel's destiny, but what *Life* said will probably make it a best seller.

MOTHER NIGHT by **Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.** ***(Harper & Row, $4.95)*** is one of the most disturbing and black comedies I have ever read. It is the story of Howard W. Campbell, Jr., an American by birth and Nazi by reputation, who is on trial for his life in Israel because of his supposed crimes against the Jews. Actually he was a double agent working for the United States government. Something about the arrangement, however, makes it impossible for people to commit themselves to him, and he apparently will go to his death unhonored and unsung.

Here we meet the kind of strange creatures who have crawled out from underneath the woodwork of our modern life. There is the Rev. Lionel Jason David Jones, who has advanced the theory that Negroes, Jews, Catholics, and probably Unitarians can be proved to be degenerate by their teeth; there is Jones's Negro chauffeur, who is known as the Black Fuhrer of Harlem; there is Bernard B. O'Hare, the Americanism chairman of an American Legion post; and there is a communist agent. All these together make life mighty difficult for Howard W. Campbell, Jr.

This is a satirical, sad comedy. Once started you will have a hard time putting it down. Vonnegut can write with the deftness of a surgeon, and he exposes our political foibles without mercy. He is one of the most perceptive critics of the extremists of our day. This is quite a book and some of you will certainly like it.

Turning to another satire, **THE MONUMENT** by **Nathaniel Benchley** ***(McGraw-Hill, $4.95)*** is in the realm of comedy also and yet it has a very serious theme.

In the little New England town of Hawley, the saloon loafers discover that one man from their village who died in World War II has neither plaque nor monument to make him remembered. So they begin talking about doing something to remember "good old Bubba Price." A candidate for the board of selectmen sees this as something he can use for political purposes.

Villagers who are hanging around without very much to do, including Pinhead Liscom, are easily enlisted in a campaign of vilification and terror against anybody who disagrees with them.

Soon the little village of normally decent citizens turns into a battleground of extremism, prejudice, and murder. There is an oversupply of people suffering inferiority complexes and wanting something to make themselves feel important. Suddenly, they have a cause. Here is revealed the way these things work and the kind of people who are natural converts to an extremist cause.

Many of us remember Robert Benchley, and Nathaniel Benchley is his son. This may have been something of a handicap, but every time I read a book from Nathaniel's pen, I have the feeling that he is a first-rate writer in his own right. He has something of his father's humor and hard-headed realism about people. He has a very good eye for the offbeat and the ridiculous. *The Monument* is a comedy with a serious theme which can do much to open blind eyes. It is also the kind of insight which pleases me very much for it is neither sentimental nor doctrinaire. Do not think that this is a sermon and something one reads because it is good for him. This is a book you will enjoy for its own sake.

Two of these books I have spoken of this month you will like, I think, and some of you will probably fool me and like the third one. Anyway, aren't books wonderful? □

Twinky's Secret

By RUTH BISHOP JULINE

TWINKY was a tiny, gray mouse, just like his cousins, Macky and Milly. They lived in a hollow oak on Mr. Gooblesteiner's farm.

But Twinky was very timid. He didn't even dare go with Macky and Milly to sneak a piece of cheese out of Mrs. Gooblesteiner's pantry. He told them:

"The world is so big, and I am so little."

"But you have to try," urged his cousins.

"I did try, once," replied Twinky, "but Big Rooster Jim mistook me for a grasshopper and chased me three times around a gooseberry bush."

"It's hard for us to carry our own grains of corn besides one for you," said Milly. Macky nodded.

"From now on you must go with us and get your own corn," said Macky. But Twinky was too frightened, so they scampered away without him.

Soon Twinky got hungry. Timidly, he poked his head out of his hole and sniffed. He tippy-toed through the cool grass, scampered over some pebbles, slipped under a fence, dashed through a newly plowed field, and finally came to a cornerib, where he stopped to catch his breath.

Just as he began to think that being out in the world wasn't so bad after all, he looked up—and gazed right into the yawning face of a big, yellow cat lying in the shade of a plantain weed!

"Twiddle my whiskers!" exclaimed the cat.

"P-p-please, sir," squeaked Twinky. "I'm only a little mouse practicing to be brave. But I'm not brave. I'm scared."

"Ah, me," sighed the cat. "No need to be afraid of me—lonely, sad, toothless, old Alex." A tear squeezed out of Alex's eye.

"Don't be sad," sympathized Twinky, forgetting to be frightened. "I know what it's like to be all alone. Here, watch me." Twinky sang some songs and told some jokes. Then he danced and turned somersaults.

"Oh, thank you," said Alex. "You've made me feel much happier. Have a grain of corn for your lunch. Maybe you can come back tomorrow."

"I'll be glad to, now that we're friends," replied Twinky. "You've made me feel much braver. I must go on practicing to be the way I want to be, not the way I don't want to be." Then Twinky had an idea.

"Do you mind if I bring my cousins, Macky and Milly, with me tomorrow?"

"Please do," said Alex.

The next day Twinky offered to go out into the world with Macky and Milly. To their surprise, he led them straight across a field to a cornerib. But just as they came around the corner of it, Macky and Milly froze in horror. "A cat!" shrieked Milly, as Macky squeaked, "Run for your life!"

But Twinky held up a paw. "Don't be afraid," he said. And to their amazement, Twinky walked right up to the cat and started singing, dancing, telling jokes, and turning somersaults.

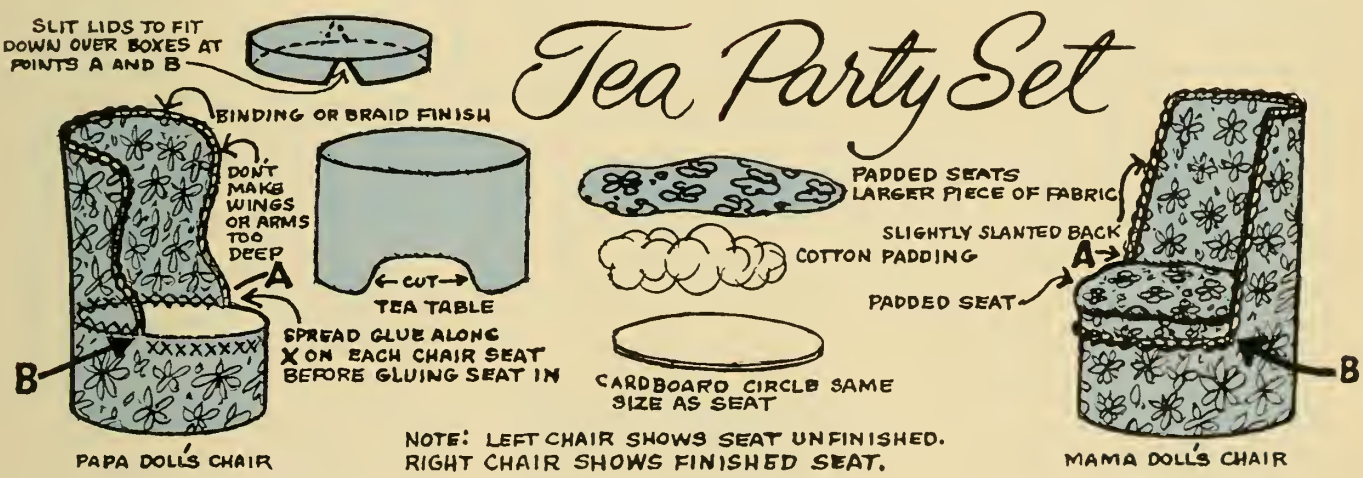
Then, behind their paws, Twinky and Alex winked at each other.

"What a mouse!" gasped Macky. "He has become absolutely fearless."

Macky and Milly never guessed Twinky's secret. But because they thought he was brave, he tried to act brave in everything he did. Pretty soon he found himself really feeling brave.

Of course, Alex stopped feeling sorry for himself and couldn't help feeling happier and happier when he was with his good friend, Twinky. □

Tea Party Set



HOW PROUD little sister will be when she receives a gift of lovely doll tea furniture. Brother can easily make the table and chairs out of oatmeal boxes.

Remove the lid of a small or large oatmeal box and cut a straight-backed Mama Doll's chair or a wing-backed Papa Doll's armchair as shown. Slit the lid to fit snugly onto the seat and glue where shown.

To cover a small box, you'll need about 1/2 yard of heavy, nonraveling fabric, or 3/4 yard for a large box. Shape the material to the chair, folding where necessary to make it fit snugly, or cutting separate pieces for back and front of back. Fasten the fabric to the chair with little dabs of glue.

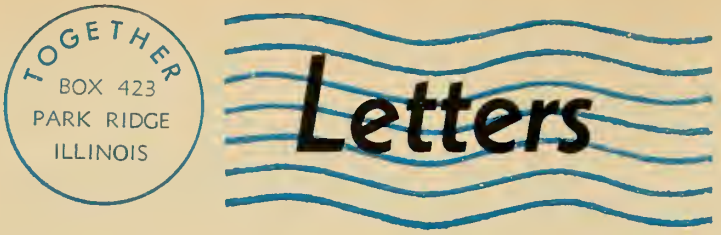
If you wish to give the chair a fine furniture look, about 1/4 to 1/2 yard of flexible braid or binding may be glued along the edges of the back and seat.

Cut a circle of cardboard the same size as the seat and a circle of material about 1/4 to 1/2 inch larger than the cardboard circle. Pad the circle with cotton and glue the fabric onto the cardboard. Then glue the padded seating to the seat.

Cut the table from the bottom of an oatmeal box about 1/4 to 1/2 inch higher than the seat of the chair. Paint the table one of the colors of the fabric.

Use any leftover fabric to make small pillows stuffed with cotton, a circular or square tablecloth with tiny napkins, or a doily for the table center. —CLARA KOCA

SELECTED BITS FROM YOUR



Rediscovering Christ

RALPH L. CHILDERS, *Pastor*
St. John's Methodist Church
Springfield, Va.

The Midmonth Powwow, *The Grape Strike* [September, page 42], is another fine example of the good work being done by your magazine. It shows us that an actively Christian church is going to become involved and embroiled in controversy.

I am led to conclude that the real problem is not that the churches have left or turned against the farmers but that they may have rediscovered Christ. The churches do not need to ask forgiveness of the farmers. They may need to ask forgiveness of the Lord for many years of inaction.

We hope that the farmers will discover that there is more to Christianity than pledges and church attendance. The church can survive without money and attendance, but it cannot survive without brotherly love.

Politics Splitting Church

MRS. ELWIN H. SERVICE
Ceres, Calif.

We have had TOGETHER coming into our home ever since its beginning and have enjoyed reading it. But of late your feature articles have read like trade-union mouthpieces, and some border on the *Daily Worker.*

In *The Grape Strike,* you did have the grace to print a short article by Neal D. Barker, giving the other side of the picture, for which we thank him and commend you for printing it.

The churches' entrance into politics, trying to do the thinking for all their members and forcing them into segregated groups, is splitting churches and is going to cause a drop in membership and finances unless the "hierarchy" gets back to really spreading the Gospel.

Power: A Weak Base for Peace

HOWELL O. WILKINS, *Pastor*
St. John's Methodist Church
Seaford, Del.

You are to be commended for your editorial *What the Draft Could Teach* [September, page 13]. I think the resources of our church should be mustered to support the building of foundations for peace. The growing reliance upon force and power in our society, in both domestic and international issues, is certainly a weak foundation for a stable society or a universal peace.

Let us join in encouraging the view that the "supreme act of patriotism" and the supreme work of man are found in the Christian experience of service.

A Role Worth Preserving

MRS. B. J. RAMSEY, JR.
Jefferson City, Tenn.

The article *Methodist Women: Ready for New Role?* [August, page 5] contends that "despite many advances, the American female continues to be handicapped by a traditional image as keeper of the hearth."

I may be a bit nostalgic, old-fashioned, or naive, but I feel that this image of woman is one well worth preserving. It has enhanced woman much more than it has "handicapped" her. I feel also that the strength of our nation lies in the quality of these women who bear the image of keepers of the hearth.

It disturbs me that in the past few years there has been a tendency to downgrade the word "housewife." I have heard women answer when asked their occupation, "I don't do anything —I'm just a housewife." It's as if in order to have any status or importance in the world, a woman must make her mark in a profession, in politics, or something in competition with men.

I feel compelled to fight not so much for women's rights as for my right to be a woman. I am not nearly so concerned that we prove ourselves equal to men as I am that we may lose our sense of importance of being different from men. To me there is nothing to prove. I know we are as intelligent as men, else we would not be very interesting companions to the men for whom God created us. I know, too, that we can do almost any job a man can do. But we are not men. We are women!

There are many roles a woman can play in life—equally as well as man—but there is one role she can play better. She can find fulfillment in any number of roles, but she will find none greater than that of making a home.

We are not just housewives. We are not just man's equal. We are something more than that. We are very special creatures created especially by God to do a very special work for him in the world.

"Look, buster, I didn't make the world I inherited, either."

Must Women Compete?

MRS. ADRIAN E. THOMPSON
Morris Plains, N.J.

In the August article on the 25th anniversary of Methodist women's work the paragraph on "old image handicaps" hits a discord with me. What is second-class about being a keeper of the hearth, a housewife, and a mother? What is wrong with looking up to a man as head of the household? Heaven help humans if women forsake our unique place in society—which is not a competitive position!

I have been deeply interested in becoming involved in Christianity, yet I have never considered myself a "pawn" in church affairs. I find, in Methodism at least, an unlimited scope for women with interest, time, and opportunity.

Locally, the Woman's Society can reflect just how serious women wish to be regarding Christianity. If social events draw greater attendance than serious programs, nobody can blame outside influences or cry out that women are discriminated against.

Why can't we work alongside men without a feeling of competition? Let's not fight the men. There's room enough for both of us—in different seats.

A Matter of Choice

KAREN McGILLIVRAY
Director of Christian Education
Willow Glen Methodist Church
San Jose, Calif.

Your article *Methodist Women: Ready for New Role?* refers to "the secondary place accorded women in the church" and goes on to intimate that Christian-education work is one of the secondary positions which women seminary graduates "settle for."

I believe that few "settle for" Christian education and stay in it. The vast majority of us *choose* Christian education after a long period of prayer,

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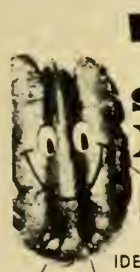

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thought, and inquiry. It is as erroneous to say that we settle for Christian education as to say that senior ministers settle for their positions because they find it easier than breaking into Christian education. Each of us chooses his particular ministry because this is where he feels best able and called by God to serve.

Anyone who has not been near the church school for several years should observe what is taking place there. He will realize that this is not a secondary part of the church.

He Disliked Picture

F. A. PUNTINE
Minot, N.Dak.

I heartily dislike your choice of the photograph on page 32 of the August issue of TOGETHER.

The picture to which Reader Puntine objects is one portraying comely Kathy Long, swim-suit clad, testing the tumbling water of Ice Creek Falls in central Washington. The picture was part of the August color feature Wilderness Hike.—EDITORS

Standing to Be Counted

PHILLIP E. MERRITT, *Pastor*
Reddick Yoke Field Parish
Reddick, Ill.

I am an Evangelical United Brethren minister with three years of experience serving a yoked parish of one Methodist and two EUB churches. I would like to stand up and be counted as one of the pastors in favor of the proposed denominational union.

A failure at the General Conference level to approve this union would be a tragedy in which men put themselves and their own wills or status above the will of God.

I pray that our delegates will vote unanimously in favor of union as the only acceptable sacrifice to Christ at this time. A united witness in this era would speak loudly for Christ and his church.

Worship in Round: Ridiculous

CHESTER DEACON, *Pastor*
Market Street Methodist Church
Louisville, Ky.

The article *Worship in the Round* [August, page 26] is as ridiculous as the type of service it describes. The church should not conform to the world and do the same things that are done in theaters and dance halls. I wonder if the large number who attend these services are there to worship, to be entertained, or were just curious to see what would happen next.

The statement that the worshipers "are not surrounded by the traditional trappings of a sanctuary" degrades the symbols that have added so much to

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Bishop Nall Answers Questions About

Your Faith and Your Church

What is 'worldly holiness'? The phrase, not coined but used currently by Bishop John A. T. Robinson, says that we cannot escape the world, even by flying to the moon. Our faith is worldly because we are involved with worldly cares and concerns. We may try to escape to a cloister or retreat center, but the world crowds in, demanding that we relate our ideals to the problems of the world. Where the action is, there is Christianity.

Therefore, any holiness we achieve must be related to the world, which always makes holiness difficult—and triumphant.

Does the church 'celebrate' marriage? It should, for the wedding ceremony is a worship service, recognizing God in the context of the family and home.

Note how the service begins with a drawing together of the people as the minister gives the call to worship. Then, significantly, the ministry passes to the bride and groom themselves, after they have declared their intention before the congregation and the bride's father (or someone chosen by her) has given her in marriage. They join hands and make their commitment of faith.

While marriage is not a sacrament, in the view of Methodists and most other Protestants, the service has sacramental meaning. The giving away, the joining of hands, the exchanging of rings, the blessing of the couple, the nuptial kiss all attest to the fact that God acts and signs to make us aware of his presence.

Communion following the service is sacramental, and the whole congregation should be invited to participate along with the bridal couple.

Is America God's chosen land? The question really asks whether Americans have a covenant relationship with God, like that of Abraham and his children (Genesis 12:1-3; 17:1-8).

Obviously, there is no such emphasis on the God who creates and calls, and no such promise on the part of Americans that they will offer God exclusive allegiance and will establish a community based on truth, right-dealing and goodwill (Exodus 19:1-9; 24:3-8).

There are in American traditions, however, plain evidence of dependence on God, who has endowed men with certain "unalienable" rights. And we ought not forget that covenant-making and covenant-keeping presuppose estrangement, disturbed relations, and even downright rebellion. There is still hope for us!

"Are there any questions?" is the best credential of a speaker, in the opinion of Bishop Nall, episcopal head of Methodism's Minnesota Area. Bishop Nall began writing this column for TOGETHER *readers when he was still editor of the* CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

Christian worship across the centuries. Since when has the sanctuary become so obsolete and depressing as a place to worship? Why take worship out of God's house and put it in a theater?

Is this type of service a valid way to spread the Gospel? I do not recall Jesus presenting his message in any such form. When Christians resort to jazz music and dancing to attract attention, then Christianity has lost the power that is needed to win people to Christ.

Worship has been defined as that which makes one aware of God. How can jazz music and dancing do this?

As a Methodist minister I detest such an article in our family magazine, and I believe that a church has no right to promote or engage in such low forms of so-called worship.

'Oldest Form of Worship'

MRS. J. E. GRIER
Cincinnati, Ohio

Last fall when I attended a class on worship, a young minister of music mentioned that the youth of his church were planning a jazz worship service. I was much interested, but when I later questioned him about it, he seemed reluctant to talk. I had a feeling that he was afraid he had "disgraced" his church in the opinion of some class members.

I think Helen Johnson's August article, *Worship in the Round,* is both enlightening and thought-provoking. She has given an impression of grace and dignity in this new-old way of worship. Reading this interpretation of the worship-in-the-round services in Warsaw, Ind., I can believe that this kind of dramatic portrayal of God's love expressed in Jesus might have meaning for many persons who have not found meaning in conventional worship services—even though they may have attended regularly. Perhaps many of us need to be reminded that drama is the oldest form of worship.

I think Miss Johnson was wise to stress the drama rather than the jazz; and I am afraid the caption on the August cover picture, "Jazz Worship Service," may have aroused ire of more conservative readers, whose concept of jazz may be based on a few notorious, disorderly "jazz festivals." I hope those angered by the words on the cover will turn to page 26 and read carefully!

Others Were Interested

SHELDON DUECKER, *Pastor*
First Methodist Church
Warsaw, Ind.

Thank you for an excellent article on our Worship-in-the-Round experiment here in Warsaw. Your staff members certainly caught the spirit of what we are attempting and put it adequately in pictures and words.

We have received requests from

California, Texas, West Virginia, and Ohio for more information regarding our program. This response indicates that even in the heat of summer your magazine stimulates inquiry and provokes response.

Alcohol, a Bigger Killer

HAROLD E. RAMSEY
Houston, Texas

Your editorial, *Pandora's Box—Under All That Chrome* [August, page 13], presents an excellent picture of the things automobiles have done to us outside the field of accidents, and you have emphasized Ralph Nader's condemnation of auto-makers as the cause of the terrible highway death toll.

Unfortunately, the public is not interested in safety if it costs anything. Witness the fact that for years manufacturers offered seat belts for about $15. Even with the high-pressure campaign of the past few years, a recent survey shows that this simple device is in only 57 percent of cars, and two thirds of these are not used.

But these devices are for protection after the accident has happened. Why not campaign against the big cause of the first collision? The National Safety Council reports that defects in cars are responsible for 10 percent of highway deaths while drinking drivers cause 50 percent.

One wonders if the auto manufacturers, charged with 10 percent of the deaths, are being used as a red herring to distract attention from the liquor manufacturers, responsible for 50 percent.

I challenge you to give us an editorial on the biggest cause of highway deaths and supporting the Methodist position on abstinence.

No Pedestal for Her

VIRGINIA RASH, *Age 17*
Wilmington, Del.

After reading the letters from two readers in the August issue about Dr. Dale White's advice on teen-age dancing, I am appalled. [See *Dancing: Source of Trouble* and *Close to World or to Christ?* August, page 56.]

I consider myself a Christian teen. Some months ago, after much doubting and much searching, I found Christ to be the key to my life. I ask him to be with me wherever I go, including on dates. However, when I read these letters, I just could not believe that some people completely close their minds to the world. It is true that Christians should be shining examples in this world, but how can you reach people if you remain on a pedestal of goody-goodyness? How many people have been led to Christ by those who dogmatically say: "Thou shalt not dance"?

I think Dr. White's answer was perfectly sensible. He realizes that we do need an outlet for sexual feelings. It seems to me that dancing is about the most harmless outlet available.

Shelli Peterson wrote that "being close to a girl or boy while dancing is a problem that teens should not have to cope with." Christianity is not an escape from reality. We need experience in coping with problems if we are going to become responsible Christian adults. If this problem is so hard to handle, you obviously have not put sex into its proper place.

Shocked by Bigotry

MRS. JUNE SMITH
Westfield, N.J.

How anyone in the year 1966 can possibly say that properly regulated dancing between boys and girls in a wholesome atmosphere is "sinful" I do not know. My family and I emigrated from England several years ago, and I am shocked at the narrow-minded bigotry that exists in some sections of the USA. Some people seem to regard anything that is enjoyable as sinful.

It is not the arousing of sexual feelings that is sinful. God gave us these feelings for the procreation of children. It is the lack of teaching that one must learn to *control* his feelings that is sinful. God gave us a will and the choice of right and wrong. Some people today seem to advocate giving in to all strong natural impulses because it is "natural." Instead, it should be taught that we must learn self-control and self-denial. Otherwise we become like animals.

Sex: Handle With Care

MRS. RUTH M. HANSELL
Warrington, Pa.

As the mother of several teen-agers, a married daughter, and a son in the Army, I would like to endorse Dr. Dale White's views on dancing.

Dancing was the love of my life when I was young, but strangely enough I never went steady with the boys I met at dances. To me, and I'm sure to most teen-agers today, the enjoyment of dancing, pure and simple, is in the rhythm, the music, the beat, and the joyous sense of health, coupled with the excessive energy which comes to us only once in life in such unhampered abundance.

I must admit that to me and others of my age the present-day dancing lacks the grace and sophistication of the dances that were in style in my youth. Certainly it smacks of vulgarity. But this can hardly be wondered at since the adult generation of the last 20 years has allowed gross vulgarity to enter almost every phase of life. How dare we point the finger of shame at our youths when we have fostered excessive sexuality in every possible way?

To me the young dances are a sub-

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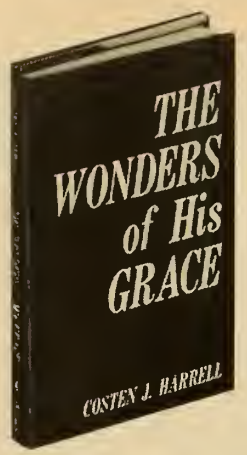

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conscious, frenetic attempt to sublimate the sex drives. I feel far more secure when my girls and boys are out dancing than when they are at some drive-in, watching a lewd and suggestive movie. Even the school bus offers more opportunities to touch each other than today's dances.

It's high time we Christians stopped putting sex behind spiritual bars and encourage our children to treat it with the care and respect God intended.

New Forms Challenge Tradition

JOHN W. SIMPERS, JR., *Pastor*
Hockessin Methodist Church
Hockessin, Del.

For several months you have carried letters both complimentary and otherwise on *Joseph of Arimathea With the Christ,* the sculpture on our church which was portrayed on TOGETHER's April cover.

For those who resent this portrayal of our Lord, there is no comfort. The relentless call for church renewal, involvement, and relevancy will continue to be expressed in new and unusual art forms like the Corten steel medium used here by sculptor Charles C. Parks. These forms will continue to challenge us beyond our traditional lines of thought.

Personally, I have little sympathy for those who perpetuate the somewhat commercial "lovely Easter" and "precious Jesus" images. The Christ of the Resurrection was first the Jesus immersed in the problems of the people —their suffering, class consciousness, racial prejudice, and religious bigotry. The Resurrection would have meant little had Christ not first identified himself with man's dilemma of simply being human.

Communication Lacking

MRS. J. A. POSEY
Atlanta, Ga.

I think TOGETHER is one of the best things in Methodism, but the article *Gateway to a Turbulent City* [September, page 25] was so full of jargon and so poorly organized in general that its meaning remained vague. Such words and phrases as "training facility," "involvement," "commitment," "probing for ideas," "complex studies of power structures," and "communication" really have no meaning beyond the boundaries of applied social science—except as empty clichés. "Communication" in this instance proved quite a problem.

'Lucid, Modern, Ethical'

ERNEST A. MILLER, *Ret. Min.*
Jacksonville, Fla.

Eureka! I have found an explanation of existentialism that is clear. James C. Darby in the August issue of TOGETHER makes it understandable and practicable in *Existentialism: A Philosophy for Modern Man* [page 17]. I see it now as a logical and needful law of honest Christian living. Hitherto, I had envisioned it as something very deep, very radical, very unchristian. Mr. Darby makes it out to be very lucid, very modern, very ethical. He throws fresh light on the "God is dead" controversy so that we may not throw it overboard but give it intellectual room and scientific study.

In this explanation I seem now to see the cure for unchristian elements that have leaked into "pure and undefiled religion" from the world. Religion is nothing if it is not meaningful, honest, and progressive.

Sin Is More Than Doing

RONALD L. REARIC, *Pastor*
Calvary Methodist Church
Coshocton, Ohio

The article *Sin Is a Skinny Word* by R. Benjamin Garrison [September, page 40] is a good article. Thank you. I only wish two things: that the author could have gone further in defining sin and that he could have elaborated more on the cure for sin in 1 John 1:7, 9.

The author is right. Sin is more than what man does; it includes what he is.

Two Communities, Not One

WILLIAM D. GRIFFITH, *Pastor*
Willoughby Hills Methodist Church
Willoughby, Ohio

We were interested in your July article *Cuban Exodus* [page 5], which refers to our church as one which adopted a Cuban refugee family. We believe that our church gained in awareness of the values of freedom, in certainty of the Protestant heritage, and in the pure joy of knowing dedicated Christians from another land.

There is one slight error in the article. Medina and Willoughby Hills are two separate communities. The people of Willoughby Hills Methodist Church responded with love and concern to the Arthur Brice family and participated in their joy when they became citizens of the United States.

'Sudden Delights' Recalled

MRS. ROBERT C. ADELSPERGER
Prairie Village, Kans.

It was almost a perfect moment just in reading *What Is a Perfect Moment?* by Thelma L. Beach in the September issue [page 23]. The author's flowing descriptions of the "sudden delights" in life permeated my own spirit. She probably echoed the feelings of many readers who have memories of numerous perfect moments when they experienced the aliveness of life, the wonder of God in a single moment.

Thank you, Mrs. Beach, for writing this beautiful article and TOGETHER for publishing it!

These Are Winners!!!

YES—BUT they are only three among scores of pictures by reader-photographers that have appeared in *Together*'s color pages since the first *Photo Invitational* was announced 10 years ago. Was yours among them? If not, remember that our 11th *Photo Invitational* gives you a new opportunity: interpreting in pictures the beautiful Psalm 148, a joyous song of praise to God for all the good things of the earth. Does that psalm's masterful imagery challenge you? Do you already have favorite slides that illustrate its theme? Let us see them soon. And remember: we will pay $25 for each 35-mm. slide used, $35 for larger sizes.

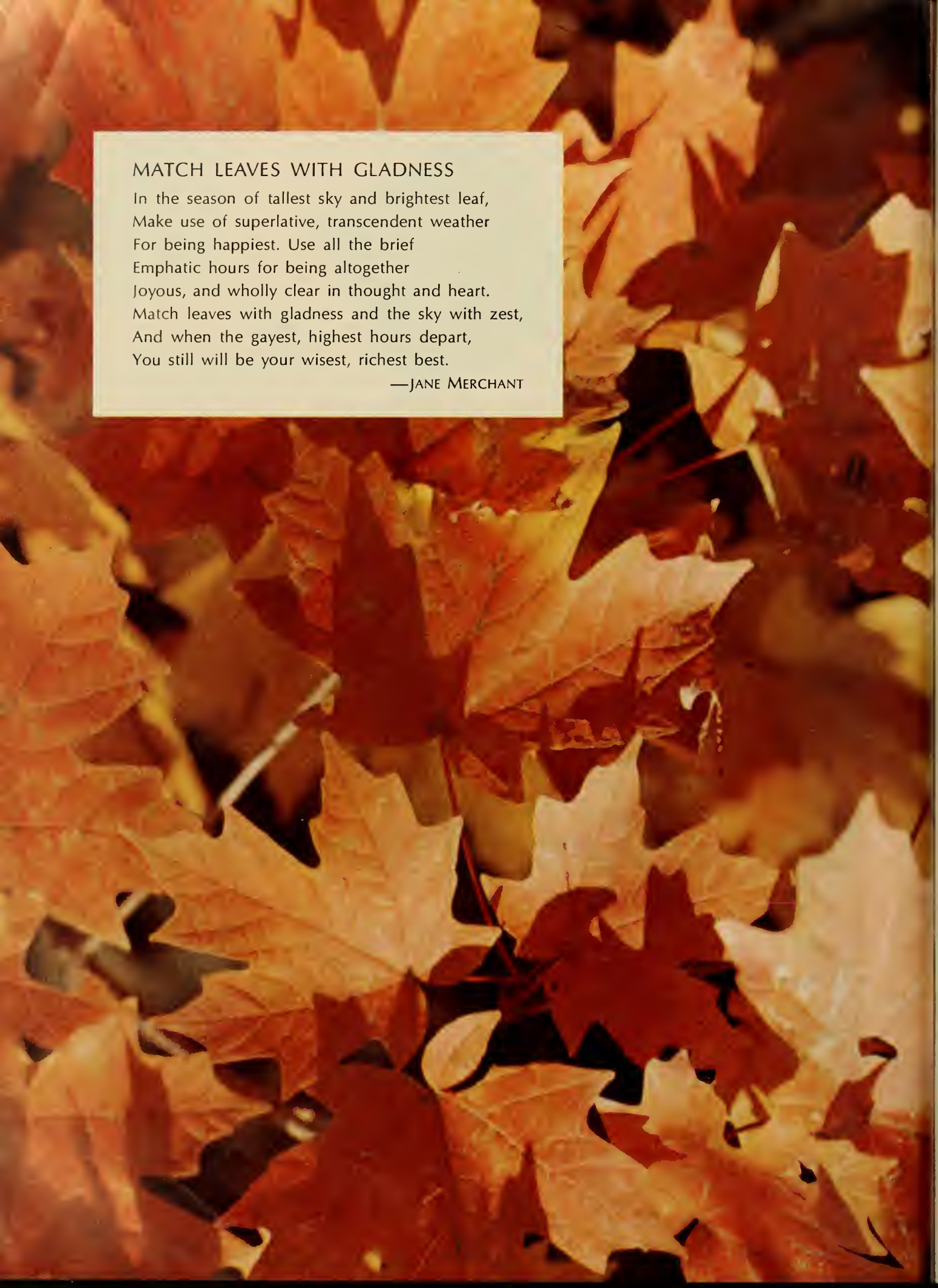
—Your Editors

HERE ARE THE RULES

1. Send no more than 10 color transparencies. (Color prints or negatives are not eligible.)
2. Identify each slide; explain why it was inspired, where taken, and by whom.
3. Enclose loose stamps for return postage. (Do not stick stamps to anything.)
4. Entries must be postmarked on or before February 1, 1967.
5. Original slides bought and all reproduction rights become TOGETHER's property. (For their files, photographers will receive duplicates of all slides purchased from submissions.)
6. Slides not accepted will be returned as soon as possible. Care will be used in handling transparencies, but TOGETHER cannot be responsible for slides lost or damaged.

Send all submissions to:

TOGETHER Photo Editor, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068



MATCH LEAVES WITH GLADNESS

In the season of tallest sky and brightest leaf,
Make use of superlative, transcendent weather
For being happiest. Use all the brief
Emphatic hours for being altogether
Joyous, and wholly clear in thought and heart.
Match leaves with gladness and the sky with zest,
And when the gayest, highest hours depart,
You still will be your wisest, richest best.

—JANE MERCHANT

She Needs Your Love

Little Su Lin in Formosa is hungry but her mother won't be home to feed her until after dark. And then supper will be only a handful of rice, a cup of tea, and maybe a bit of fish.

Since Su Lin's father is dead her mother works fourteen hours a day in Taipei's crowded industrial center—trying to earn enough to keep Su Lin and her five brothers and sisters alive.

Su Lin has never had a dress that wasn't torn, or a bright ribbon in her hair, or a birthday party, or a doll. She can't go to school because there is no money for proper clothes, shoes, books or lunches.

And her future? Well, she may learn to beg and search garbage heaps for edible scraps of food. When she gets hungry enough she will learn to steal.

Yet, for only $10 a month, Su Lin—and children like her—can be helped. Your love can give her nourishing food, school books—and maybe even that bright ribbon for her hair.

In return you will receive a deep satisfaction, plus the child's picture, personal history, and the opportunity to exchange letters . . . and love. The child will know who you are and will answer your letters.

(If you want to send a special gift, a pair of shoes, a warm jacket, a fuzzy bear —you can send your check to our office, and the *entire amount* will be forwarded, along with your instructions.)

You can join thousands of other Americans who find this to be the beginning of a warm personal friendship with a deserving child.

And your help is desperately needed. Requests continue to come from Seoul, Korea, 15 babies abandoned *every day* . . . Vietnam, more war orphans . . . Calcutta, children living in the streets . . . Jordan . . . Brazil . . . Formosa.

Won't you help? Today?

Sponsors are urgently needed this month for children in Korea, Formosa, India, Brazil, Japan and Hong Kong. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

CCF worker Glen Graber found five-year-old Su Lin waiting for her mother in an alley.

Write today: Verbon E. Kemp

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.

Richmond, Va. 23204

I wish to sponsor ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country) _____

☐ Choose a child who needs me most.

I will pay $10 a month.

I enclose first payment of $_____

Send me child's name, story, address, and picture.

I cannot sponsor a child but want to give $_____

Tg 116

☐ Please send me more information

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Government Approved, Registered (VFA-080) with Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Gifts are tax deductible.

Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto 7

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Only you can make it happen. You . . . and Fleischmann's Yeast. Because Fleischmann's Yeast is *extra* active . . . to make all your bakings extra light, extra good. So when you bake with Fleischmann's you've got something to show for it. Something special. What a loving way to show your family you care.

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